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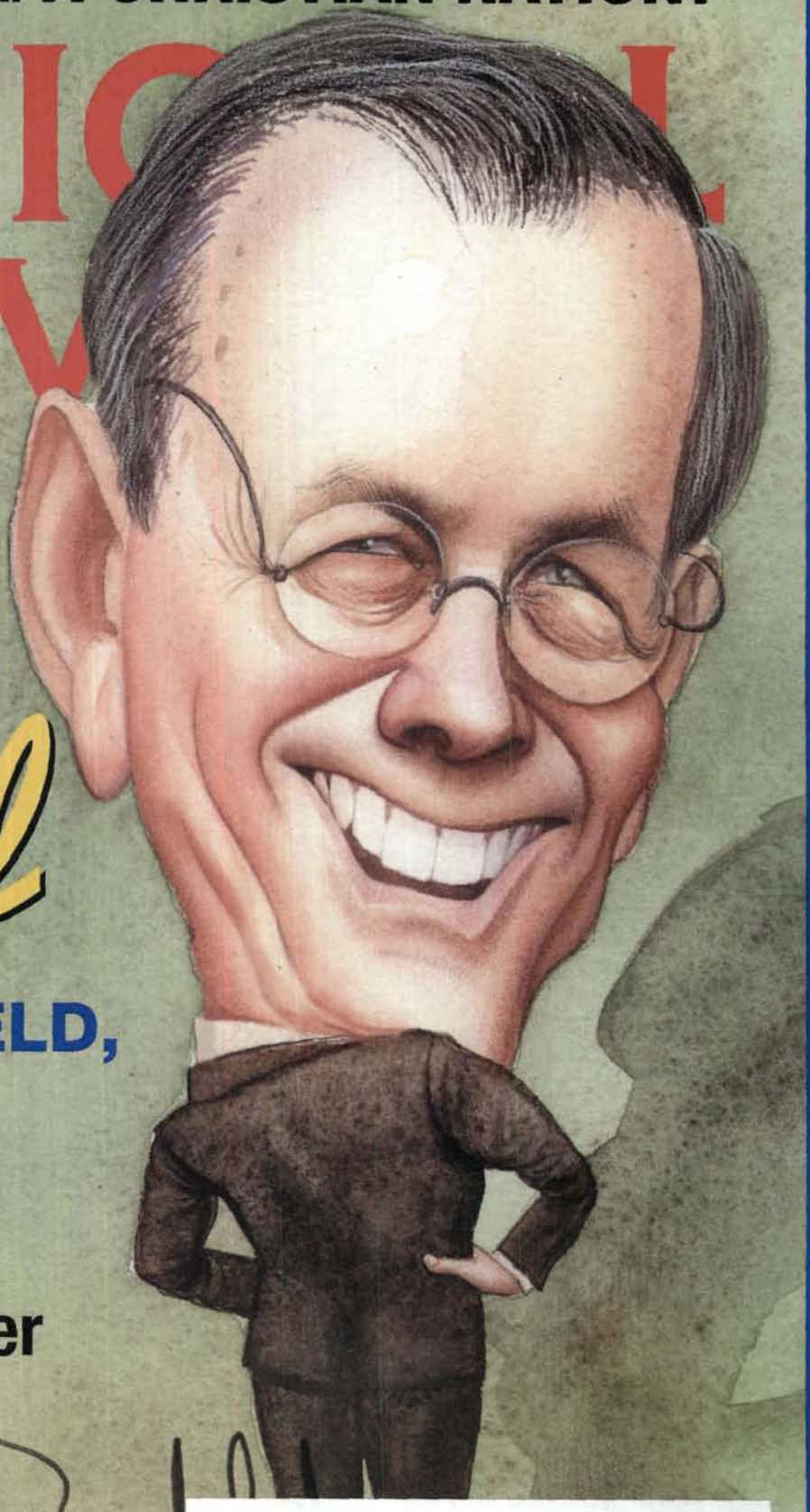

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NATIONAL REVIEW

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December 31 issue; printed December 20

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■ LETTERS ■

COMMIES AND CANUCKS

In David Pryce-Jones's words ("The New Cold War," Nov. 5), "Communism turned out to be the Russian national interest in disguise." One wishes this were so. However, the collapse of the Soviet regime left Communists in power in China, North Korea, Vietnam, and Cuba. True, the West did win the Cold War, but our victory was incomplete.

Brian Crozier
London, England

I was disappointed to see the following from David Pryce-Jones: ". . . so far as is known, Britain is the only NATO country yet to provide any material help" to the U.S. in its response to September 11.

Canada, a NATO member, has contributed six naval vessels and 2,000 naval and air-force personnel. Given the size of Canada's armed forces, this is a major contribution. Additionally, a battalion of Canadian soldiers, consisting of some 1,000, is preparing to go to Afghanistan. All in all, not a bad response from this small NATO player!

Stu Donaldson
Nanaimo, B.C., Canada

NR AT WAR

I have a thick folder of articles that I have cut out from NATIONAL REVIEW, for future reference and/or because they elucidate a particular event or idea. I'll not be cutting any out from the Nov. 19 issue. Instead, I am keeping the entire issue. The six articles under the "AT WAR" heading are particularly informative, enlightening, and thought-provoking; I'm sure that I will be rereading them many times.

William T. Burns
Metairie, La.

I want to express my appreciation for elucidating articles such as Paul Johnson's "Why West Is Best" (Dec. 3).

Your magazine does a great service by helping readers understand the framework of logic that supports a justification of the defense of our capitalist system.

While well-seasoned readers may not have found the historical lesson to be particularly scintillating, I think a frequent review of the principles and processes that make freedom possible is a good investment, and one on which I am happy to capitalize.

Janet M. Bruster
Fredericksburg, Tex.

AND THE HORSE HE RODE IN ON

The Dec. 3 cover, with its "Here We Go Again" and "Islam & the West" and the Crusader art, is incredibly destructive to our president's effort to focus this war on anti-terrorism.

No matter the content of the articles, a fanatic can wave this cover as "proof" that we are out to destroy Islam. From a fine publication that decries the sadly successful liberal strategy of "divide and victimize," this cover is beyond belief.

Michael J. Markey
Seattle, Wash.

The cover of my Dec. 3 issue has left me in disappointment and disbelief. We couldn't, and don't expect to, win a war on Islam. In fact, we can't win the war on terrorism *without* Islam.

John F. Crosby, M.D.
Naples, Fla.

Is the horse George W. Bush is riding a classic Arabian on purpose?

Paul Kelly
Boulder, Colo.

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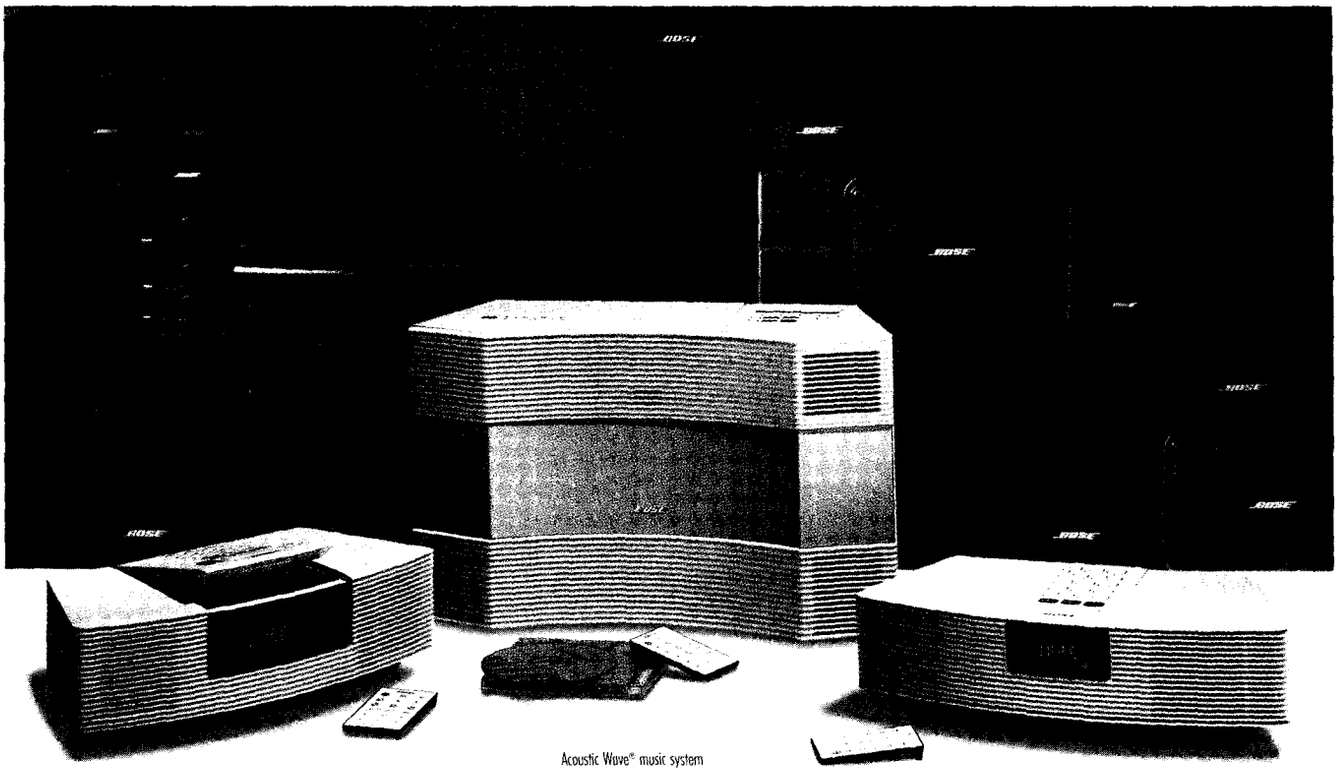

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■ FOR THE RECORD ■

■ In NBC News/*Wall Street Journal* poll, 85 percent approve of President **Bush**'s job performance. . . . Bush at The Citadel: "Every nation now knows that we cannot accept—and we will not accept—states that harbor, finance, train, or equip the agents of terror. Those nations that violate this principle will be regarded as hostile regimes. They have been warned. They are being watched. And they will be held to account." . . . Bush aboard USS *Enterprise*, on terrorists: "They celebrate death, making a mission of murder and a sacrament of suicide. Yet, for some reason—for some reason, only young followers are ushered down this deadly path to paradise, while terrorist leaders run into caves to save their own hides." . . . More Bush: "I have concluded the ABM Treaty hinders our government's ability to develop ways to protect our people from future terrorist or rogue-state missile attacks." . . . South Dakota governor **William Janklow** (R.) discusses war's effect on Bush, in *New York Times*: "It's aged the hell out of him. Look at his hair. Look at the lines on his face. It's incredible, the toll." . . . In Fabrizio, McLaughlin poll, only 12 percent blame Bush administration for recession. . . . In Harris poll, 79 percent say they "generally trust" president "to tell the truth," up from 54 percent in 1998. . . . Least-trusted professions are members of Congress (42 percent) and trade-union leaders (37 percent). . . . Center for Media and Public Affairs says Bush's positive media coverage on nightly news networks jumps from 36 percent before September 11 to 66 percent now.

■ In Gallup poll, attorney general **John Ashcroft** wins 76 percent approval rating for role in war on terrorism. . . . Sen. **Zell Miller** (D., Ga.): "These nitpickers need to find another nit to pick. They need to stop protecting the rights of terrorists. This is about national security. This is about life and death." . . . New York mayor **Rudy Giuliani** on whether he'd like a job in the Bush administration, on ABC: "No." . . . **Karl Rove** says Bush lost popular majority in 2000 presidential race because as many as 4 million conservative Christians didn't vote. . . . Former Montana governor **Marc Racicot** replaces **Jim Gilmore** as head of Republican National Committee, disappointing many who hoped he would challenge Sen. **Max Baucus** (D., Mont.). . . . Rep. **Gary Condit** (D., Calif.) formally files for reelection, but minority leader **Dick Gephardt** says he will remain neutral in primary. . . . Condit, in *Modesto Bee*: "I have a great record in Congress." . . . Field poll shows former L.A. mayor **Dick Riordan** (R.) leading California governor **Gray Davis** (D.) in potential 2002 matchup, 43 percent to 36 percent. . . . Rep. **Charles Rangel** (D., N.Y.) says he might support N.Y. governor **George Pataki** (R.) next year if former HUD secretary **Andrew Cuomo** defeats state comptroller **Carl McCall** in Democratic gubernatorial primary.

"You smell great, Shirley!—
Did you roll in something new?"

■ Both parties consider New York City as site for 2004 convention. . . . Support in Congress increases for bill to hold one-day Congressional session in New York next year. . . . **Bill Clinton**, at presidential-library groundbreaking in Little Rock: "What I did wrong is a matter of record, but what I want is the whole record out." . . . Sen. **Hillary Clinton** (D., N.Y.), in *New York Post*: "I'm afraid they'll clone **Strom Thurmond** and he'll be around forever." . . . NOW president **Kim Gandy** refuses to give credit to Bush administration for improving plight of Afghan women, in *New York Post*: "What have they done to help Afghan women? Would they have done this without September 11?" . . . ACLU offers free legal advice to Muslims who face FBI questioning. . . . CBS News president **Andrew Heyward** in 1993, according to **Bernard Goldberg**'s new book *Bias*: "Look, Bernie, of course there's a liberal bias in the news. All the networks tilt left. . . . If you repeat any of this, I'll deny it."

■ In Harris poll, 69 percent say they "feel good about the state of the nation," up from 54 percent in May. . . . **Pat Robertson** resigns as head of Christian Coalition: "I think it's the end of my active involvement in the political process. I am not going to be out making speeches for candidates or trying to mobilize people to go vote or hand out voter guides." . . . Pentagon cancels Navy missile-defense program saying it had exceeded cost estimates and was far behind schedule. . . . Rocker **Neil Young** records song "Let's Roll" in honor of passengers of hijacked plane that crashed into Pennsylvania countryside. . . . Students, faculty, and staff of Hampshire College vote 693 to 121 for halting U.S. military action in Afghanistan, calling war racist. . . . Book publisher Zondervan reports 40 percent increase in Bible sales since September 11. . . . First **Milton Friedman** Prize for the Advancement of Liberty, worth $500,000, will be awarded at Cato Institute's 25th-anniversary dinner in May.

■ Officials in Egypt and Kuwait attend U.S.-embassy-sponsored memorial services marking three-month anniversary of September 11, but Saudi officials skip similar event in Riyadh, according to *New York Times*. . . . Former director of Iraq's nuclear program **Khidhir Hamza** says in *Wall Street Journal* that **Saddam Hussein** may test nukes by 2005. . . . Euro coins enter circulation in 12 European countries, set to become official legal tender on January 1. . . . As Zimbabwe arrests opposition leader **Morgan Tsvangirai** for second time in two days, president **Robert Mugabe** tells supporters to treat March elections like "war."

■ **David Letterman** lists "Top Ten Excuses of the American Taliban Guy," including No. 5: "Oh, man. I thought I was fighting for **Ralph Nader**." **NR**

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THE WEEK

■ Maureen Dowd asked Rudolph Giuliani if he thought John Walker was a "poor soul," as President Bush has said, or would prefer to string him up. "'I could feel sorry for someone and still string 'em up,' said the former prosecutor." Now *that's* the kind of compassionate conservatism we like.

■ One of Saul Bellow's loquacious, hyper-intelligent narrators, who wants to write a history of boredom, concludes that Hitler's table talk is the most boring work in existence. Boredom reigns where despots do, and no conflicting thought can be uttered; absolute power makes one absolutely boring. The home video of Osama bin Laden will rival Hitler's table talk. The tedious discussion of omens, the ritual religious phrases, the bland formality of a state visit—this is the way bin Laden and his cronies prefer to spend their time. The video is also supremely cold. There is not even wrath at the enemy, nor humor at his expense; certainly not sympathy. The dead pass like figures in a dreamscape. Evil must deaden itself, in habit, or in the excision of emotion: The hell of *The Screwtape Letters* is a bureaucracy; the devils in *Paradise Lost*, newly plunged into hell, try to resume their heavenly routines. Most tellingly of all, Dante finds, at the pit of the inferno, a lake of ice. Bin Laden will find it there too; it is within him.

■ Should John Walker be tried by civilian courts, by military tribunals, or by the Afghans whose country he helped to oppress? An argument can be made that, by waging war on the United States, he has foresworn his American citizenship, and should be left to the tender mercies of Afghan justice. But if his primary loyalty was to al-Qaeda, then he should be treated as pirates once were—as an outlaw, worthy of summary execution. Meanwhile, Walker is being tried in the court of public opinion, conservatives fastening on his post-hippie Northern California roots, liberals insisting that not every dim bulb named after John Lennon wages war on the United States. Some traitors, from Benedict Arnold to Robert Hanssen, betray their country out of greed; others, like the Rosenbergs, out of conviction. Even as the Rosenbergs were extreme but predictable products of Communist opinion, so Walker is a grotesque but unsurprising product of his milieu. But more important than any milieu are a man's nearest and dearest, and more important than they is his own free will. Even as John Walker's parents bear a particular responsibility for their ignorant and feckless raising of their son, so he is responsible—and must pay—for the life he chose.

■ The debate over the recession and how to fight it has reached new depths of inanity. Nita Lowey of New York, who runs the House Democrats' campaign committee, declares that we are in "Bush's recession," the president having somehow engineered a slowdown within two months of taking office. Hillary Clinton thinks now would be a fine time to delay Bush's tax cuts. Tom Daschle says that he won't let any stimulus pass unless it has the support of two-thirds of Senate Democrats—which means that the 17 most liberal senators get a veto. The president has been reduced to asking for a temporary, targeted tax cut for business investment, and maybe a two-point drop in one of the middle income-tax brackets. Enough. The Democrats are not being serious about stimulating the economy, and Bush might as well say so.

■ Dick Armey, the first Republican House majority leader in 40 years, announced his intent to retire at the end of his term. It was a second blow to economic conservatives, already contemplating a Senate without Phil Gramm. Armey, like Gramm an economics professor from Texas, spent his nine terms as more a policy entrepreneur than politician. His successes include cutting defense pork with his novel base-closing commission, winning House approval of school choice for D.C. students, and uprooting socialism, foreign and domestic, in both the IMF and agriculture programs. He led the fight against the first Bush's 1990 tax increase, and his fatally accurate diagram of the Clintons' health-care scheme marked the beginning of its end. Shortly after, he drafted the Contract with America, marking the beginning of a new era in Washington. Armey's admirers will miss his dedicated leadership, his unfailing good humor, and his admirable humility.

■ President Bush delivered on his top domestic priority by winning congressional approval of a 1,200-page bipartisan education-reform bill. The actual improvement of the schools looks to be a little longer off. The bill requires states to assess student progress annually in the lower grades, and from time to time during high school. Annual spending on some 65 federal programs is boosted from $18 billion to $26 billion. A modest provision, which would have allowed seven states broad flexibility in spending federal funds, was dropped from the final bill. There are no federal rewards or sanctions based on the assessments, but all students are expected to be proficient in basic subject matters in twelve years. As the legislation went through Congress, the standards for proficiency were weakened: The originally proposed standards would have exposed most of the schools in Texas and North Carolina as failures, and these are the very states that proponents of the bill uphold as exemplars of reform. The only effective reform of our schools is likely to come from choice

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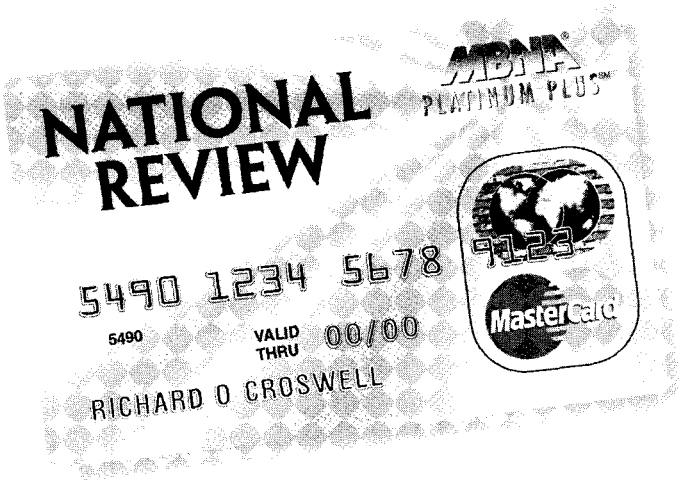

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and competition—a lesson that Bush and Congress, by embracing phony reform, have underscored.

■ Free trade dodged a bullet as the House, by a one-vote margin, decided to let the president negotiate trade deals. If the Senate follows suit, Congress will be able to vote down a deal but not to amend it. (Other countries won't make deals with us if Congress threatens to rewrite them.) Almost all the Democrats voted against the bill. They claimed to worry that the bill did not mandate that trade deals protect the environment and workers, but this was a pretext: Congress would be free to reject a deal if it were judged deficient on those scores. Their real motives were a combination of partisanship and fear of the unions. Some Republicans, too, were unwilling to buck local protectionist interests even when they faced little political risk. The good news is that the president's win, while narrow, was decisive. The procedural votes for free trade are the toughest ones. When the president comes back to Congress with an actual deal, the concrete benefits on the table tend to carry the day. Bush should be bold in using his new negotiating authority.

■ The president's commission on Social Security is set to release a final report outlining three reform options. Each of them would allow workers to invest some of their payroll taxes. The commission refrained from offering a single solution so as to avoid either giving opponents of reform a clear target or appearing to usurp Congress's legislative prerogatives. It also suggested a yearlong discussion of the issue rather than immediate legislative action. Even so, Republican congressmen are running away from the commission. They're afraid of running on Social Security reform during a recession. They are making a mistake. Democrats are going to tag Republicans as opponents of Social Security and the elderly no matter what. Instead of responding defensively, they should rally the majority of voters who support private investment accounts. They know that it's better to own wealth than to rely on politicians' promises—*especially* at a time of economic uncertainty. Investors have gotten through a bear market without panicking. Republicans should follow their example.

■ Mary Frances Berry of the U.S. Civil Rights Commission has spent most of the last year trying to undermine the legitimacy of the Bush administration, mainly with a misbegotten report on supposed voting-rights abuses in Florida (see "The Power of Two," by John J. Miller, Sept. 17). Now it's the legitimacy of her own actions that's in question. One of her key allies on the eight-member panel, Victoria Wilson, saw her term expire on November 29—and Bush appointed Cleve-

Nobility in the Nobel

Nothing much happens in Sweden during the long and dark winter season, except the award of the Nobel prizes. This puts the country on the map, and the Swedes rightly revel in the occasion. They do it in the grandest style. This year was the centenary of the prizes, and all previous laureates were invited to celebrate in Stockholm.

The winners of the prize for literature, it is notorious, are a mixed bag. The Swedish Academy makes the choices, and in recent years it has often seemed stuck in a Sixties time-warp, rewarding writers for whom the West and its civilization are the source of everything wrong with the world. There are magnificent exceptions, of course, such as Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn, Saul Bellow, and Czeslaw Milosz, but for whatever reason these were three among others who stayed away. Through the barrage of television programs and interviews, or just overhearing conversation in the crush bar, we guests could catch a groundswell of monotonous opinion that the United States in its arrogance was really to blame for the terrorism it suffered, and in any case those who had attacked the World Trade Center weren't terrorists, but a righteous entity called "the poor." How busy and self-important some of the previous winners looked: Günter Grass with a pipe stuck in his mouth and a blue beret flat on his head, Dario Fo, Nadine Gordimer in a coat to the ground like a Soviet commissar's, José Saramago—the spent volcanoes of the radical-chic Left.

This year's prize-winner for literature is V. S. Naipaul. In his acceptance speech, he sketched out the adventurous journey on which he has come since his birth in Trinidad into a family once brought from India as indentured laborers. Seemingly he should have been one among the anonymous and the dispossessed—the "poor"—destined never to make his mark on the world. But he wanted to write, and he worked at it. For him, as for a number of great writers, literature is also the process of self-discovery we all should make. Whoever applies himself, whoever uses his intellect, has it within him to become a free and creative man. Western civilization alone holds out this high ideal to every individual, as Naipaul likes to emphasize, and his—the new laureate's—is a rare voice to celebrate it.

In the pageant of these Stockholm days, we move from hotel to concert hall, to the prize-giving ceremony itself, to the unexpectedly Italianate city hall for an immense and stately banquet comprising 1,600 guests in full evening dress (and at least 200 waiters). The king and queen of Sweden and their ravishing daughter seem to have stepped out of a past when royalty was regal. The singers to entertain us are the peerless Anne Sofie von Otter and Bryn Terfel, and in the middle of the banquet the whole Stockholm opera company break in with scenes from Verdi's *Masked Ball*.

A humorous and self-possessed observer of everyone including himself, Naipaul was evidently moved to receive his prize. He rose to the occasion, and the occasion rose to him.

—David Pryce-Jones

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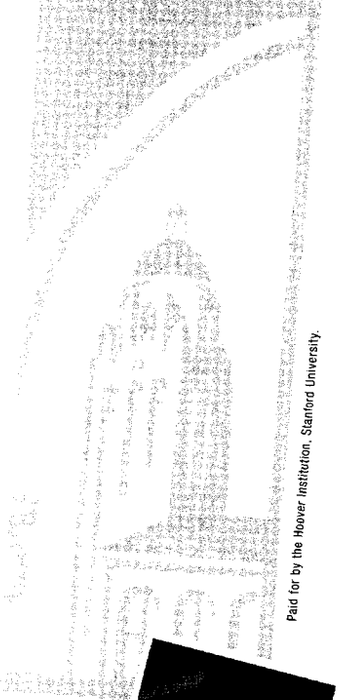
American Ingenuity: A Key to Future Security

John Raisian is director and senior fellow at the Hoover Institution.



Paid for by the Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

In a crisis, such as the terrorist attacks on September 11, it is natural to look to our government leaders to set the course. But **we'd be making a terrible mistake if we relied too heavily on top-down political solutions, ignoring our real strength, the decentralized ingenuity of the American people.**

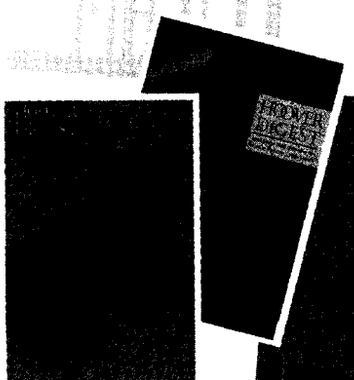
Consider just one example. In the weeks after the attacks, we wrestled with ways of improving airport security. In Congress, two fundamentally different possibilities emerged. Either we could federalize airport security, making it the job of the government, or we could permit airport security to remain in the private sector, using the government to mandate higher standards, to delegate the responsibility for meeting such standards to private security firms, and to monitor the performance of private sector solutions. Which methodology should we rely on for safety in the air? One similar to the United States Postal Service, a model that has regularly been criticized for costly and inefficient service that too often proves unreliable? Or the competitive alternative that led creative individuals to introduce FedEx and UPS?

In the end, Congress chose the former. I realize that we are in a crisis and that the American public looks to government's leadership to assure our well-being, but I am dismayed that we continue to settle for inferior solutions because they are seen as politically superior. Why should we settle for less? The challenge for our government is to stop ducking its responsibility, instead dedicating itself to finding the best solution to the problem of airport security—uncompromised safety at the lowest cost possible—and to other problems like it that are sure to arise. Overwhelmingly, the best solutions will be competitive solutions.

Economists around the world generally understand and applaud the workings of competition and private markets. It is difficult to make the case for centralized decision making of the kind present within socialism, certainly for the kind of command economies that once dominated the Eastern bloc. We should be suspicious of government solutions that entail government agencies and institutions directly managing an enterprise. We need to expand the ingenuity of the American citizenry at large, encouraging the development of solutions in the marketplace. Is this not the order of the day?

It is natural for us to turn to our government leaders in a time of crisis. But it is not a foregone conclusion that our citizenry expects the government to centralize more of the workings of our society. Over the longer term, we must look to the ingenuity of our people to address the many elements of this crisis. **The leadership we need should create institutions structured to help us accomplish our aims, not have us sit back and expect government "engineers" to solve our problems.** Decentralized activity can respond to shortcomings with a speed and entrepreneurial energy that government can seldom match. Such approaches will have a great deal to contribute to our nation in the days ahead.

— *John Raisian*



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land lawyer Peter Kirsanow, a black conservative, to replace her, which would deprive Berry of a voting majority. But Wilson still hasn't left the building. Berry insists that Wilson remains a commissioner, on the grounds that Wilson, who was picked to complete the term of a commissioner who died in office, is entitled to a full six-year term ending in 2006 rather than what was left of her predecessor's term. Berry even dared the White House to send in federal marshals to remove Wilson and install Kirsanow. The issue now heads to the courts, where the Bush administration has the law on its side and almost certainly will prevail. Berry should go—but then again, so should the commission.

■ The collapse of the energy trading firm Enron is being taken in some quarters—the predictable ones—as evidence of the folly of deregulation. Since the 401(k) plan for its workers invested heavily in the company's own, now worthless stock, Paul Krugman has even used the company to argue against 401(k) plans altogether. In fact, most plans do not *allow* employees to invest in their own companies, let alone encourage it. They reduce risks by letting employees invest in many companies. Enron's failure, meanwhile, seems to have resulted from its going into lines of business for which it was not suited. If fraud also occurred, as has been alleged, it should be prosecuted. But let's not forget that in a free market, some businesses are *supposed* to go under.

■ In two long essays for *The New York Review of Books*, the respected social scientist Christopher Jencks considers the evidence on immigration. His conclusions: Mass immigration contributes little to the economy, redistributes income upwards, probably causes taxes to be higher, increases population density, and fosters linguistic division. Republicans should rethink their support for it because it "is a vast social experiment of the kind that Republicans normally detest." Liberals should realize that "[p]olitical support for both public education and the welfare state requires some sense of solidarity between haves and have-nots," which is endangered by that policy. Jencks is pessimistic about the likelihood of reform. All it has going for it, after all, is good sense and public support.

Meet Chairman Racicot

He charmed Montana's pants off, where
Mike Mansfield once inhaled the air,
And held at Tallahassee till
They hauled Al, twitching, up Boot Hill;
With Armey going and DeLay
Darth Vader in Dick Gephardt's play,
While Lott declaims like Banquo's ghost,
Marc's just in time to host a roast.

—W. H. von Dreele

Editor's Note: The next issue of National Review will appear in three weeks.

■ Between a reforming Russia and an ambitious EU, the tectonic plates of Europe are shifting. The long-term interest of the U.S. is clearly in consolidating an Atlantic relationship in which America remains the dominant power in a united West. If Western unity is maintained, Russia will join NATO and other Atlanticist institutions over time and become part of a Western coalition exercising the main influence in world politics. That cannot happen until Russia both demonstrates its credentials as a market democracy and shows unmistakably that it has abandoned any nostalgia for an imperial sway over its neighborhood. But these once-inconceivable developments can be expected if the West remains united and determined. The only real obstacle to this future is the possibility that the European Union will develop into a rival superpower with an independent military capability. That possibility—reaffirmed again at the recent EU Summit—would inevitably divide the West, curb the ability of the Brits and others to support American policy, and encourage Russia to join with this new "Europe" in contesting the "hegemony" of the U.S. This would mean an unstable future of competing regional power blocs in which the U.S. would be harried and obstructed by nations that now generally join their interests with ours. The State Department can't see this. Let's hope someone in the Bush administration can.

■ Mankind's long battle against intolerance and unkindness may soon be over, at any rate in Europe: The European Union has announced plans to outlaw "racism and xenophobia." Among activities that will become illegal in all 15 member countries of the EU are "public insults" of minority groups, "public condoning of war crimes," Holocaust denial, and "public dissemination of tracts, pictures, or other material containing expressions of racism or xenophobia." (Whether these laws will be brought to bear against Islamic groups pushing anti-Semitic and anti-Christian programs is unclear.) Given that *Webster's Third* defines "xenophobia" as "fear and hatred of strangers or foreigners," any readers who nurse a fear or hatred of the EU and its grim cadres of overweening politically correct bureaucrats had better not make plans for European vacations in the future.

■ Among the things our civilization will likely *not* be remembered for—along with, surely not coincidentally, great art, great music, and great poetry—is a sense of proportion. This feature of modern life was on display following the death of George Harrison. The British press, even the respectable end of it, went into Princess Diana mode. American coverage was only a little more restrained. Let the facts be stated calmly here. Harrison was lead guitarist in a rock 'n' roll band. He introduced into pop-music technique some minor innova-

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Black Listed Cancer Treatment Could Save Your Life

Baltimore, MD— As unbelievable as it seems the key to stopping many cancers has been around for over 30 years. Yet it has been banned. Blocked. And kept out of your medicine cabinet by the very agency designed to protect your health—the FDA.

In 1966, the senior oncologist at St. Vincent's Hospital in New York rocked the medical world when he developed a serum that **"shrank cancer tumors in 45 minutes!"** 90 minutes later they were gone... Headlines hit every major paper around the world. Scientists and researchers applauded. Time and again this life saving treatment worked miracles, but the FDA ignored the research and hope he brought and shut him down.

You read that right. He was not only shut down—but also forced out of the country where others benefited from his discovery. That was 32 years ago. How many other treatments have they been allowed to hide? Just as in the case of Dr. Burton's miracle serum these too go unmentioned.

Two-Nutrient Cancer Breakthrough...

Decades ago, European research scientist Dr. Johanna Budwig, a six-time Nobel Award nominee, discovered a totally natural formula that not only protects against the development of cancer, but people all over the world who have been diagnosed with incurable cancer and sent home to die have actually benefited from her research—and now lead normal lives.

After 30 years of study, Dr. Budwig discovered that the blood of seriously ill cancer patients was deficient in certain substances and nutrients. Yet, healthy blood always contained these ingredients. It was the lack of these nutrients that allowed cancer cells to grow wild and out of control.

By simply eating a combination of two natural and delicious foods (found on page 134) not only can cancer be prevented—but in case after case it was actually healed! "Symptoms of cancer, liver dysfunction, and diabetes were completely alleviated." Remarkably, what Dr. Budwig discovered was a totally natural way for eradicating cancer.

However, when she went to publish these results so that everyone could benefit—**she was blocked by manufacturers with heavy financial stakes!** For over 10 years now her methods have proved effective—yet she is denied publication—blocked by the giants who don't want you to read her words.

What's more, the world is full of expert minds like Dr. Budwig who have pursued cancer remedies and come up with remarkable natural formulas and diets that work for hundreds and thousands of patients. How to Fight Cancer and Win author William Fischer has studied these methods and revealed their secrets for you—so that you or someone you love may be spared the horrors of conventional cancer treatments.

As early as 1947, Virginia Livingston, M.D., isolated a cancer-causing microbe. She noted that every cancer sample analyzed (whether human or other animal) contained it.

This microbe—a bacteria that is actually in each of us from birth to death—multiplies and promotes cancer when the immune system is weakened by disease, stress, or poor nutrition. Worst of all, the microbes secrete a special hormone protector that short-circuits our body's immune system—allowing the microbes to grow undetected for years. No wonder so many patients are riddled with cancer by the time it is detected. But there is hope even for them...

Turn to page 82 of How to Fight Cancer and Win for the delicious diet that can help stop the formation of cancer cells and shrink tumors.

Six-time Nobel Nominee's Two-Nutrient Cancer Breakthrough Revealed

They walked away from traditional cancer treatments...and were healed! Throughout the pages of How to Fight Cancer and Win you'll meet real people who were diagnosed with cancer—suffered through harsh conventional treatments—turned their backs on so called modern medicine—only to be miraculously healed by natural means! Here is just a sampling of what others have to say about the book.

"We purchased How to Fight Cancer and Win, and immediately my husband started following the recommended diet for his just diagnosed colon cancer. He refused the surgery that our doctors advised. Since following the regime recommended in the book he has had no problems at all, cancer-wise. If not cured, we believe the cancer has to be in remission."

—Thelma B.

"I bought How to Fight Cancer and Win and this has to be the greatest book I've ever read. I have had astounding results from the easy to understand knowledge found in this book. My whole life has improved drastically and I have done so much for many others. The information goes far beyond the health thinking of today."

—Hugh M.

"I can't find adequate words to describe my appreciation of your work in providing How to Fight Cancer and Win. You had to do an enormous amount of research to bring this vast and most important knowledge to your readers.

My doctor found two tumors on my prostate with a high P.S.A. He scheduled a time to surgically remove the prostate, but I canceled the appointment. Instead I went on the diet discussed in the book combined with another supplement. Over the months my P.S.A. has lowered until the last reading was one point two."

—Duncan M.

"In my 55 years as a Country Family Physician, I have never read a more 'down to earth,' practical resume of cancer prevention and treatments, than in this book. It needs to be studied worldwide for the prevention of cancer by all researchers who are looking for a cure."

—Edward S.,MD

"As a cancer patient who has been battling lymphatic cancer on and off for almost three years now, I was very pleased to stumble across How to fight Cancer and Win. The book was inspiring, well-written and packed with useful information for any cancer patient looking to maximize his or her chances for recovery."

—Romany S.

"I've been incorporating Dr. Budgwig's natural remedy into my diet and have told others about it. Your book is very informative and has information I've never heard about before (and I've read many books on the cancer and nutrition link). Thanks for the wonderful information."

—Molly G.

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tions, most of which did not last long. He wrote some pretty songs: "Here Comes the Sun," "Something," "While My Guitar Gently Weeps." He showed flashes of an admirably conservative sensibility, for example in the song "Taxman," which, while not musically very inspired, possessed lyrics that must tug at the heartstrings of all NATIONAL REVIEW readers. He organized the first rock-charity extravaganza, the 1971 Concert for Bangladesh (but cannot fairly be held responsible for the later excesses and absurdities of this phenomenon). Like many reflective but ill-educated people, he was keen on Eastern mysticism. He chided the rest of us for our addiction to material things, while himself living in a house with 120 rooms. He gave innocent pleasure of a mild and transient sort to millions, and did harm only to himself, by excessive cigarette smoking.

■ Nobel prize-winning German novelist Günter Grass declared that the September 11th attacks were: "aimed at expressing an explosion of hatred towards the rich north of the world, towards a world rich, cold, and indifferent to the problems of the poor part of the globe." Poor? North? It has been noted many times in this context that all the September 11th hijackers came from families that were either comfortably well-off, or, like Osama bin Laden's own, extremely rich. Perhaps it is also worth pointing out that Saudi Arabia, from which most of the hijackers hailed, has a very respectable GDP per head of $6,500—higher than the corresponding figures for Hungary ($4,810), Mexico ($4,970), or Malaysia ($3,480), none of which places has yet contributed anything significant to the world's terrorist problem. Down at the actual bottom of the GDP tables—Malawi ($170), Nepal ($210), or Madagascar ($250)—interest in committing acts of anti-American savagery is so faint as to be undetectable. And since we've got the gazetteer out, we'd also like to note that Kabul, at 34°30' latitude, lies north of Los Angeles (34°00'), that Cairo (30°03') is north of Houston (29°45'), and that Mecca itself (21°26') is north of Honolulu (21°19'). Should a Nobel prize for geography ever be established, we suggest that Herr Grass's admirers not put his name forward for it.

■ After 32 years, Anthony Lewis is giving up his *New York Times* column. He was a voice of the kind of liberalism that is both foolish and nasty. He hated conservatives, often thinking them the enemies of humanity, and he hated Israel. He thought that the United States had wreaked horrific damage in Southeast Asia, not by pulling out, but by trying to thwart the Communists in the first place. He dismissed American fears of the Khmer Rouge in Cambodia as "cultural arrogance." He was free in his references and allusions to the Nazis, as when he charged that Israel was waging "a war to exterminate Palestinian nationalism." He thought that any conservative in the law—a William Rehnquist, a Robert Bork—was a threat to constitutional government. For him, the black night of fascism was always descending on America, and just he and a few brave other leftist souls stood against it. In a farewell interview with his newspaper, he was asked what "big conclusion" he had drawn. He said, "Certainty is the enemy of decency and humanity in people who are sure they are right, like Osama bin Laden and John Ashcroft." That, perfectly, is the Lewis style: "Osama bin Laden and John Ashcroft." It will not be missed.

■ Robert Fisk is a reporter for the *Independent* of London with long experience in the Middle East. Unlike an American anchorman, who is wrong from afar, he has the street smarts and the fingertip feel to be wrong in great detail. Early in December, his car broke down in a Pakistani border town, when he was set upon by an Afghan mob. A scary experience, but less so than you might think, because Fisk *understood*. His attackers were angry at the brutal American war in Afghanistan, and at previous decades of our misguided policies. "If I were an Afghan refugee . . . I would have done just what they did. I would have attacked Robert Fisk, or any other Westerner I could find." In "The White Man's Burden," Rudyard Kipling, the bard of imperialism, called the people of the Third World "half-devil, and half-child." Robert Fisk, the sahib in retreat, agrees, only instead of wanting to rule them, he wants to be beaten up by them. This is Orientalism standing on its head: The brown peoples of the world are quaint, radically different, irresponsible—and always right.

■ Lothar Machtan's *The Hidden Hitler* revives an old charge—that the Führer was gay, or at least gay-ish—and the *New York Times Book Review* went over it with a fine-tooth comb. Machtan employs generous helpings of speculation; his evidence consists of the testimony of a former soldier who served with Hitler in World War I, and someone who claimed to have heard a general read damning testimony from Hitler's police file. But the soldier was a blackmailer, and the general, who helped crush the beer-hall putsch, had a grudge. All these cautions sound very reasonable. Can we retrieve them the next time gay activists try to out some dead *hero*?

■ The Department of Health and Human Services invited renowned critic of feminist excess Christina Hoff Sommers to give a talk. But an HHS official cut her off in the middle of it, and she was shortly thereafter told to "shut the f*** up, bitch," by a paid HHS consultant, while a crowd of HHS bureaucrats, advisers, and grantees laughed. Sommers was thus effectively ejected from a government conference in November. Her crime had been to raise doubts about the efficacy of "Girl Power," a pet project of the Clinton appointees who run the Center for Substance Abuse Prevention at HHS. The theory behind Girl Power is that training young girls to be less traditionally feminine will somehow reduce their chances of smoking, taking drugs, or getting pregnant. No wonder Sommers's call for empirical studies to determine whether these programs of leftist thought reform actually reduce adolescent risk-taking was met with censorship, insults, and accusations of racism. When National Review Online exposed the scandal, a Bush appointee at HHS pronounced himself "appalled" and apologized. But more stories about the scientific shoddiness and ideological bias of CSAP programs have emerged. Shut the place down.

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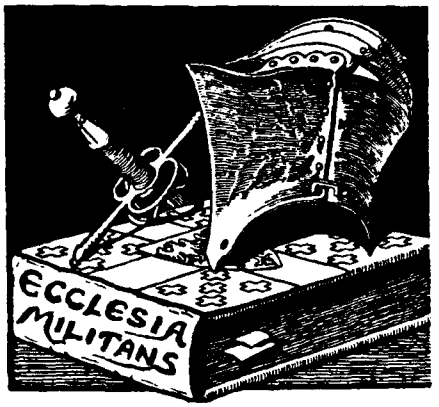

spic•y adj. 1. Flavorful; zesty. 2. Uninhibited. 3. Beyond the ordinary. *The* New Oxford Review *is a spicy magazine that you can count on to scandalize politically-correct zombies.*

Church Mil•i•tant n. 1. Members of the Catholic Church on earth, as opposed to those in Purgatory or Heaven. 2. Catholics who really care about their Faith. *The Church Militant has found her voice in publications such as* Crisis, Inside the Vatican, This Rock, Los Angeles Lay Catholic Mission, *the* Houston Catholic Worker, *and the* New Oxford Review.

au•da•cious adj. 1. Fearless; bold; daring. 2. Unrestrained by convention. 3. Bravely original. *The audacious* New Oxford Review *struck again.*

out•ra•geous adj. 1. Quite unusual. 2. Offensive to the hypersensitive. 3. Endearing to those who are outraged by current trends. *In venturing to say the unsayable, the* New Oxford Review *and* The Wanderer *again proved themselves to be thoroughly outrageous.*

mean-spir•it•ed adj. 1. Uncompromising. 2. Said of someone who tells the truth even when it might hurt. 3. A handy epithet used by feminists and homosexuals to slander the character of a person when they can't think of a way to refute that person's argument. *The writers for* The Catholic World Report *and the* New Oxford Review *are mean-spirited.*

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■ The Tate Gallery of London awarded the 2001 Turner Prize for outstanding achievement in the visual arts to one Martin Creed, whose winning exhibit was a bare, unfurnished room in which the lights flicker on and off at five-second intervals. Elucidating (so to speak) his creation, Creed said: "It's like, if I can't decide whether to have the lights on or off, then I have them both on and off and I feel better about it." The $30,000 prize was presented by Madonna (a popular singer), who thrilled the award-ceremony audience by embellishing her speech with numerous four-letter words. Mr. Creed's previous body of work, which is highly regarded in art circles, includes a lump of Blu-Tak stuck to a wall, and a crumpled-up sheet of plain typing paper. Prior to the announcement of Creed's triumph, the favorite for the prize was Mike Nelson, who (to quote from a British newspaper report) "works with rubbish," and whose prize submission was a pile of planks. The other shortlisted artists were Richard Billingham, exhibiting photos of his alcoholic father, who lives in a Glasgow slum, and Isaac Julien, who entered some short films about homosexual cowboys (inspired, we suppose, by that old Cesar Romero movie *The Gay Caballero*). The lights are going out all over Europe. . . . No, they're coming on again. . . . No, they're going out.

■ His many years of going to and fro in the earth, and walking up and down in it, have gotten the government's attention at last: On November 5, Satan was issued a restraining order. "Be it known from this day forward," wrote Mayor Carolyn Risher of Inglis, Fla., "that Satan, ruler of darkness, giver of evil, destroyer of what is good and just, is not now, nor ever again will be, a part of this town of Inglis. Satan is hereby declared powerless, no longer ruling over, nor influencing, our citizens." The proclamation sparked letters of support from as far away as Phoenix, as well as the predictable ACLU rumblings. "You're either with God or against Him," Risher told the press, defending her action. "I'm with Him." A laudable sentiment—but until a cure is found for the moral disorder in our hearts, we're guessing Satan keeps his right-of-way.

THE MIDDLE EAST

Next Year in Jerusalem

THE Middle East at the moment is more than unusually rocky. Islamist extremism is a threat to several Arab regimes. On the run from Afghanistan, al-Qaeda terrorists can count on clandestine networks to help them regroup and start all over again. The Saudi royal family has never been so unpopular. Poverty and oppression everywhere are breeding discontent, perhaps revolution. Any day, some Palestinian suicide bomber may spark a wider conflagration involving Israel and its neighbors.

The good news is that the United States has fought and won a campaign that numerous critics judged certain to end in shipwreck. Victory, they held rather patronizingly, would inflame the "Arab street" with a generalized anti-American sentiment. Nothing of the kind has occurred. On the contrary, Arabs everywhere have taken note of American political resolve and military capacities. They know that the United States is doing what it has to do, and that power in the pursuit of national interest is only normal, not in the least shocking. Had the United States failed to react as it did to September 11, the Arabs would have lost all respect for it, and their anti-Americanism would have conveyed contempt for people too feeble to defend themselves.

The next immediate step should be to relocate the U.S. embassy in Israel from Tel Aviv to Jerusalem, the country's capital. In every presidential campaign, the candidates declare their willingness, even eagerness, to do this. The eventual president, however, discovers that somehow the moment is not opportune. This is supposed to be tactful to the Arabs, but more often than not they interpret it as a failure of political resolve.

As things stand now, Islamist extremists are attacking Israel in the expectation that one more suicide bomber will somehow blow the country apart, and there will be no more Jews in it. Like Osama bin Laden and al-Qaeda, they have parted company with reality. Yasser Arafat bleats that he can do nothing about the terrorists whom he is supposed to be governing. In this quandary, the Sharon government hesitates to adopt the obvious tactic of occupying Palestinian territory and cleaning out everyone who possesses a gun or a grenade.

To relocate the embassy is a simple but highly symbolic step, signifying that Israel's legitimacy and secure future are beyond question. This not only acts to reassure Israelis, but also serves notice on Islamist extremists that they are deluding and harming themselves in their attempt to eliminate Israel. After the Afghan success, even small symbolic acts of power may serve to enforce reality and stabilize the Middle East.

MISSILE DEFENSE

ABM, R.I.P.

PRESIDENT BUSH'S decision to withdraw from the ABM Treaty is a brave and extraordinary thing. It means not just the end of the treaty, but probably the end of the treaty as a political issue. Vladimir Putin said on the day that Bush announced his decision that the withdrawal would not represent a threat to Russian security (ho-hum)—which is only what the U.S. has been telling the Russians for at least ten months. The Russian intransigence on the treaty was not a warning of a new Cold War, as so many in the opinion elite had it, but what the Russians specialize in: a negotiating position. Now that the matter is decided, the U.S. and the Russians can move on to more fruitful areas of cooperation (working to developing a free market in Russia) and more important areas of contention (Moscow's missile and weapons proliferation to rogue states).

But before the ABM Treaty fades away to a fevered corner of Carl Levin's or Joe Biden's brain, it's worth celebrating a sig-

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nal intellectual and political accomplishment for the Right. The withdrawal from the treaty, coupled with the administration's recent stiffing of a new protocol to the resolutely unverifiable Biological Weapons Convention and the Senate's rejection of the Comprehensive Test Ban treaty two years ago, represents a paradigm shift in international relations as drastic as the one signaled by welfare reform in domestic politics. The age of the parchment gods, when U.S. interests would bend to the legalistic imperatives of agreements reached with hostile, indifferent, or defunct governments, is over.

Now the task of defending the U.S. against possible missile attack becomes less an intellectual challenge and more an engineering and budgetary one. Within days of the U.S. withdrawal, the Pentagon had canceled a Navy sea-based theater anti-missile program plagued by cost overruns. Efforts should certainly be made to keep defense contractors from running amok, but slipping budgetary targets are an inevitable part of developing new weapons systems. More disturbing than the cancellation of the Navy program were congressional efforts to trim funding for, and consequently push back by years, the development of a sophisticated satellite network that would be essential to almost any conceivable missile-defense system. The letters that missile-defense supporters have to fear now are not ABM, but OMB.

■ NOTES & ASIDES ■

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: One (last?) word about "He is risen": As English is a Germanic language, perhaps one could look to German for help. The German for "He is risen" is *Christ ist erstanden*. The importance here in both language and theology is not that Jesus "arose," which implies a beginning and an end, but rather that He "is risen," which implies a beginning and a continuation. Jesus is still with us. In German one says a deceased person *war geboren* (was born), but a living person *ist geboren* (was born). You see the difference.

T. C. Imeson
Jesup, Ga.

Dear Mr. Imeson: I do. And in Spanish: *Es vivo* (he is a live one), and *Está vivo* (he is alive).

Cordially, WFB

Dear Bill: I see (Oct. 15) that my parse of *He is risen* has raised a ruckus. Sam Woods says it's a French reflexive with a Norman transliteration. James Redding calls it a predicate adjective with a Jacobean boost even when poor "risen" is only trying desperately to be a participial verb. If the obvious primacy of Greek, in the aorist tense, won't do, then we best leave it to Prof. Kselman who claims a "divine passive" for it, which safely removes it from the nagging particulars of all earthly parsing.

Amen and Amen,
James C. Neely, M.D.
Napa, Calif.

Dear Jim: Very well, we'll leave it there.

Cordially, Bill

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: Would NR, and you, like to run a contest to devise a fitting memorial for recent events? Here's my proposal, particularly noting the airborne nature of the assault and the bravery of the folks on Flight 93:

I envision a memorial that would be seen from the sky by overflying aircraft, possibly even from the space shuttle. Something like those crop circles out West, the ones that are irrigated, standing out as green discs in the otherwise arid Nebraska or Kansas earth. My design would be centered on the WTC site, with a 200-yard-diameter circle planted with some sort of vegetation or crop that would be distinguishable from the air. Radiating from that circle would be five points of a star, planted with blue spruce or other trees or contrasting vegetation.

Such a monument could be pointed out by pilots, much as they point out Pike's Peak and the Grand Canyon. At night, a powerful strobe light at the center and smaller ones at the points of the star and at the points where the star touches the circle could make this a 24-hour memorial. If ancient peoples from our West and from Peru could create art visible from the sky, isn't it time that we do the same?

John G. Arch
Pittsburgh, Pa.

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: To a crossword-puzzle junkie, the constructs you have expressed an interest in are easy to construct: 1) The bridegroom said, "Our hour for sailing is tied to the tide but after that the hours are ours." 2) If a farmer cuts down his wheat with a riding whip, he uses his crop to crop his crop. 3) He hied to the closet to hide the hide from the game warden. 4) Introducing the quartet, the announcer cried, "Bring the four to the fore." (I hope you are not bored stiff as a board.)

Carl Phillips
Sebring, Fla.

Dear Mr. Phillips: That is truly a neat assembly of those things.

Thanks, WFB

■ Dear Mr. Buckley: My mother and I have a difference of opinion on a number of usages and pronunciations. I think someone leans "toward" something, not "towards" it. She thinks "Ree-gan" was the last great president, whereas I insist his name is pronounced "Ray-gun." She believes the *t* in the word "often" is silent, I think it is pronounced. Please settle this so that we may enjoy a peaceful holiday season.

Chauncey Hitchcock
Shelby Township, Mich.

Dear Mr. Hitchcock: Me, I lean toward Raygun, offen.

Cordially,

—WFB

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■ THE MIDDLE EAST ■

Betrayer of the Palestinians . . .

. . . and friend only to himself: The wretched Yasser Arafat

DAVID PRYCE-JONES

ONE of the most famous of classical Arab stories concerns the boy Aladdin, who finds a lamp, rubs it, and sees an all-powerful slave spring up, there to do his bidding. But Aladdin soon makes unreasonable demands, and the slave takes over. The boy then has to devise a way to get him back into the lamp, a seemingly impossible task.

We must take care, in other words, that our ambitions do not destroy us. This moral is universal, but it applies especially in the Arab culture, where power is absolute and indivisible, and there is no check on the follies and crimes of a man aspiring to that power.

Yasser Arafat illustrates the moral perfectly. By the standards of absolutism, he has been an eminently successful careerist. In his sphere, Palestine, he has achieved absolute power, and has a long record of war and terror testifying to it. But as politician, leader, human being, he has been a catastrophic failure. His time is long since up. But as is always the case with an absolute ruler, only a measure of violence comparable to his own can get rid of him, and as he goes down he can take his unfortunate people with him.

The Six Day War of 1967 gave him his opening. Until then, the Palestinians had been under Egyptian or Jordanian rule, and they could not demand self-rule or nationhood. Israel, the war's victor, had no wish to occupy the territories from which it had just been invaded (and it was later to hand Sinai back to Egypt in a treaty). Peace was there for the asking, a peace that would have for the first time ever given these territories to the Palestinians exclusively. Seizing control of the then rather nebulous Palestine Liberation Organization, Arafat instead unhesitatingly confronted Israel with violence. Ever since, the cause of Palestine has been inextricable from his personal power.

Yasser Arafat by Roman Genn

The consequences have been grim and bloody. The PLO was soon expelled from the Israeli-occupied territories, then from Jordan and Lebanon, and finally driven into exile in faraway Tunis. Arafat had made enemies of all the neighbors. At various times, he could not visit Damascus, Cairo, or Amman for fear of being arrested. Stereotyped, Palestinians came to be resented by other Arabs as disturbers of the peace, and held in horror by the rest of the world as terrorists and hijackers. Nor could the ordinary Palestinian dare to express his dissatisfaction and alienation. Arafat steadily enlarged a security and secret-police apparatus to ensure that he alone had power and unaccountable control of public funds. In a rigged election for president, he allowed only a pleasant but unknown housewife to run against him. The scale may be limited, but he is one among all the other Arab absolute rulers.

There is a wider historic context too. In the early days of the British Mandate, Palestinians had to decide what to do about the Jewish presence emerging in their midst. The British expected some compromise and power-sharing between the two sides. Granted the Arab absolutist culture, this was wishful thinking. Haj Amin Husseini, the grand mufti of Jerusalem and Palestinian leader at the time, chose to fight the Jews and the British, eventually fleeing to Berlin to seek support from Hitler. This did much to ensure the postwar partition of Palestine and international recognition for Israel. Ahmad Shuqairi, the next Palestinian leader to emerge, believed that the militant Arab nationalism of the Sixties would crush Israel. The Six Day War instead ruined Arab nationalism. Finally, Arafat offered himself as an eager Soviet agent and proxy, so ensuring that he would be a part of the wreckage of Soviet Communism. During the 1991 Gulf War, he aligned himself with Saddam Hussein in yet another strategic misappraisal.

Over a span of some eighty years, then, each successive attempt to impose an absolute solution to the dispute with Israel has further reduced whatever the Palestinians might have been able to salvage for themselves by way of a nation and a state. This has been their undoing. During the Clinton presidency, Arafat at last quit the low road of violence for the high road of diplomacy. At first sight, this appeared to acknowledge the global supremacy of the United States and its values. The Oslo peace process could have resulted in self-rule and independence in about a quarter of what had once been British Palestine, instead of the half, or even three-quarters, that was once on offer. Better than nothing, the pragmatist might

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conclude, after all the wanton bloodshed and misery. But Arafat was insincere. At heart he believed that he could manipulate the United States to sponsor him and pressure Israel to retreat, and so perhaps ultimately to fall apart. The Camp David negotiations revealed yet another misappraisal on his part. For democracies, compromise is a process of give and take, not unilateral and unconditional surrender. Diplomacy, it turns out, for him meant only an interlude between intifadas.

■

Arafat's violence only confirms Israel's conviction that it is fighting for its life.

■

Arafat and his advisers are intelligent and experienced men, veterans who have seen for themselves the negative consequences of violence and the positive rewards of diplomacy. Why then do they go on repeating their mistaken policy of relying for their ends on violence? They like to answer that the wickedness of the Israelis is driving them to it. The settlements, they repeat, must go, and the occupation has to stop. This is an attempt to thrust responsibility onto Israel for what the Palestinians are in fact doing, as though they had no will of their own. It is also patently inadequate. The Palestinians are pushing at an open door. Israel can hardly wait to put an end to the occupation, and at Camp David offered a deal that could have resolved the outstanding issues, of which the settlements are not the most difficult. Palestinians have only to negotiate in good faith, and they will have their state.

Absolutism inhibits such an outcome. Arafat is seeking to eliminate the enemy after a victorious test of strength; Israel is after a two-state solution that will leave the parties on terms as equal as possible. Arafat's violence only confirms Israel's conviction that it is fighting for its life. He seems further unable to understand that the relationship between the United States and Israel is based on the common values of democracy rather than realpolitik interests alone. For their part, the Israelis battle away in the vain effort to hold Arafat accountable for his actions, in other words to behave according to standards that are not his.

More than a banal dispute about ethnicity or minority status, this is a clash of incompatible cultures. All Arafat can give is more of the same. To complicate things, Hamas, the extreme Islamist movement, is now paying him out in his own coin. Hamas is as absolutist as the PLO, with the difference that it seeks legitimacy through Islam where Arafat seeks legitimacy through nationalism. The Hamas leader, Sheikh Ahmad Yassin, is another would-be one-man ruler with the ambition of seizing power for himself. Out of the usual careerist ambition, he too is now sending to their deaths the young suicide bombers and terrorists.

Some commentators—the *Washington Post*'s Jackson Diehl, for one—argue that the Israeli government and Hamas share some unholy aim to destroy Arafat. In reality, Arafat's ambition has already destroyed him. From the Israeli point of view, it now makes little difference whether Arafat or Hamas or any other contenders claim to be speaking on behalf of Palestinians. These rival Palestinians must sort that out for themselves, and meanwhile terror actions occur almost every day, and the Israelis have to protect themselves as best they can. Which is why the Sharon government now calls Arafat "irrelevant"—the adjective is well chosen. And which is why President Bush asks about Arafat, "Who is he kidding?"

Arafat's successor is likely to be one of his police chiefs or a member of the PLO bureaucratic elite. There may be a power struggle, even some sort of an armed showdown with Hamas, probably brief because estimates suggest that Hamas has only 2,000 gunmen against the PLO's 40,000. For the Palestinian people, things are bad enough already, but no law or decree states that they are obliged to pass up every chance for independence and a nation-state of their own. They need a leader who can transcend the culture of absolutism—in the image of the classical story, someone able to master the slave of the lamp. Self-inflicted suffering is not a necessary part of the human condition. **NR**

■ **FOREIGN POLICY** ■

Get Realist

How conservative foreign policy has been borne out

RAMESH PONNURU

At a time when a popular Republican president is waging a successful war, liberals are having to take their consolations where they can. Some liberals are telling themselves that the renewed esteem for the Pentagon will carry over to support for national health care. Others, bolder, are calling the war a vindication for liberal foreign policy as well as for liberal domestic policy. Al Hunt wrote, "Today's basic policy formulations—state-building, a strong reliance on the United Nations, and multilateralism—all were articulated during the 2000 campaign by the Democratic candidate." George Mitchell, the former Senate majority leader, says that President Bush has succeeded "in part because he has simply discarded almost everything he said on foreign policy prior to September 11."

It is tempting to respond to this line of argument by asking why, if Clinton-Gore-style liberal internationalism is so great, eight years of it did nothing to prevent the September 11 attacks. Since it is not difficult to see how that approach to foreign affairs contributed to American vulnerability, the temptation should not be resisted. Indeed, the war so far has been a vindication of Bush's foreign-policy inclinations as against those of his critics, both liberal and neoconservative.

Consider the hallmarks of modern liberal internationalism: the delusion that the military and geopolitical issues that had occupied statesmen in previous eras could now give way to questions of international environmental policy, the promotion of commerce, and "soft power"; the conviction that any conflicts between peoples are more apparent than real, and amenable to solution through better communication and the building of trust (are there any peoples who understand each other better than Northern Ire-

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land's Catholics and Protestants, or know each other's ambitions better than the Palestinians and Israelis?); the obsession with multilateralism and the dream of "global governance"; the fondness for humanitarian interventions related loosely, if at all, to national interests; the exaltation of international treaties in which dictators make paper promises to improve their behavior; the exquisitely calibrated use of military force to "send a message" rather than to defeat enemies.

In the post–9/11 context, all of this seems as chimerical as the Kellogg-Briand pact to outlaw war did after the invasion of Poland. Bill Clinton's endless proffering of apologies for America's sins, real and imagined, looks even worse.

Is the above a caricature of Clintonian foreign policy? Not to judge from the former president's own November speech on the terrorist attacks. Clinton was widely criticized for dwelling on the historical misdeeds of the ancestors of white Christians. Less widely remarked is that his proposed course of action for America mainly emphasized rhetoric, cultural exchange, and confidence-building measures. Even now, he appears incapable of imagining a problem that he can't talk his way out of.

Sen. Mitchell's claim, however, *is* based on caricature. Bush did not have to abandon the "unilateralism" the liberals decry because he never took it up in the first place. To eschew allies would be silly as well as dangerous, and no foreign-policy thinker has recommended the idea. Bush's major foreign-policy speech during the presidential campaign, at the Reagan Library in November 1999, repeatedly mentioned the importance of "strengthening the alliances that sustain our influence in Europe and East Asia and the Middle East." He even noted that "international organizations can serve the cause of peace."

It is a characteristic (and annoying) conceit of liberal internationalism that no other type of internationalism exists. Thus liberals have a hard time grasping that a conservative internationalist such as Bush can value alliances and organizations—but as instruments, not ends in themselves. To consult with allies is not to run a focus group. In the present crisis, America has led and asked others to follow; it has not waited for an international consensus to form before taking action. (Does anyone imagine we would be close to victory in Afghanistan, or even have begun to fight, had we waited for a U.N. go-ahead?) Moreover, Americans, with the Northern Alliance, have done almost all the fighting.

Among our useful allies, not one has been moved by any wispy notion of international community. Britain and Australia are with us because of a cultural affinity that underlies an ideological one. Our local allies are motivated by a combination of fear of our wrath, fear of our enemies' success, greed for our money, and a craven desire to back the winner. The president has not needed to give an inch on the global-warming accord, the International Criminal Court, or missile defense to win their support.

■

The debate between realists and idealists in foreign policy always has a somewhat artificial quality.

■

Our willingness to work with unsavory allies is, indeed, another rebuke to liberal idealism in foreign policy. To be sure, the Clinton administration had nasty allies, as all administrations must. But we largely preferred to turn a blind eye to their faults, pretending for example that the Kosovo Liberation Army was not a band of drug-running thugs. Nobody has any illusions about the Northern Alliance or the Pakistani military regime—or about the necessity of using them.

By bringing us back to our bedrock interest in survival, the war has seen a general return to realism. Even Bush, who has been prone to surrounding himself with realist advisers, has become more realist during the war. In his Reagan Library speech, he said that "we cannot excuse Russian brutality" in Chechnya. It turns out that we can ignore it.

Liberal relativism, equivocation, and guilt have been early casualties of the war. But liberals are not the only foreign-policy thinkers who have engaged in a flight from realism and, sometimes, from reality. "Idealism" comes in neoconservative as well as liberal flavors. The debate between realists and idealists in foreign policy always has a somewhat artificial quality because both camps concede so much to the other. Idealists know that America cannot pursue its values without regard to its interests and capabilities. Realists understand that the spread of freedom serves our interests—as President Bush proclaimed in that same speech. It is no wonder, then, that both labels have a tendency to become less descriptions of schools of thought than idle boasts.

The war has also scrambled the arguments between these schools. At one moment in the short course of the war so far, the anti-realist neoconservatives who are usually friendly to the idea of "nation-building" were warning the administration not to engage in it in Afghanistan, while the realist conservatives who generally disdain the idea were suggesting it for Iraq. This moment of confusion exposed a theoretical weakness in both positions. Realists have sometimes discounted the importance of the internal structure of regimes—treating Soviet foreign-policy behavior as a function of traditional Russian nationalism, for example, rather than of the inherently aggressive character of totalitarianism. But this is a failure of realism to be sufficiently realistic. Dismantling totalitarianism in Iraq and replacing it with the institutions of freedom is a condition of peace, and a realism that recognizes this fact is an improved realism.

The neoconservatives, for their part, were merely making the commonsense point that the war in Afghanistan would have to be won before it made sense to form a new government there. They may very well revert to form by favoring a continued American presence to run a postwar Afghanistan; in the past they have joined with hawkish liberals to support "peacekeeping." If so, the administration is unlikely to satisfy them. It seems currently inclined to leave Afghanistan to our allies. This policy would be in keeping with the president's distinction between warmaking and peacekeeping, and with conservative realist John Hillen's comment that "superpowers don't do windows."

That policy may also be necessary if the administration is to turn against Iraq, a goal of both the realists and the neocon-

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servatives. But to say this is to say that there is a limit to how much American power can accomplish, at least at any one time. For several years, some neoconservatives have talked as though the overthrow of the Chinese regime could be the focus of American foreign policy. The war should end this fantasy, even for those who (like me) detest the Chinese regime, consider its interests largely opposed to ours, and would welcome its replacement by a liberal democracy. Much of the art of statecraft is discrimination, which is why neoconservative idealism is more common among writers than the people who actually make foreign policy.

The neoconservatives have tended to regard prudence as a virtue of the weak, just as liberals have faulted it for want of imagination. But the war also reminds us that prudence, though much mocked and uninspiring, is not to be confused with timidity and is in fact the cardinal virtue in foreign policy. As the late realist John P. Roche remarked, the world is not made of Play-Doh. **NR**

■ **THE NATION** ■

A Junior al-Qaeda . . .

. . . right here at home: Meet al-Fuqra

JOHN J. MILLER

THERE are a lot of Baptist churches along rural Virginia's Route 615, just south of Appomattox—"where America reunited," as the county welcome sign puts it—but there's only one Sheikh Gilani Lane. A gate and a guardhouse prevent the public from driving very far down it. What lies beyond, however, isn't a closed-off community of rich retirees. Instead, it's a trailer-park compound of black Muslims, or "The Muslims of America," according to a green billboard by the entrance, where an armed guard keeps a wary eye on the main road's traffic.

Until recently, this was the home of Vicente Rafael Pierre, a 44-year-old Brooklyn native with a shadowy past and a dim future. He may never see this home again. Shortly after September 11, federal agents snared him in their roundup of crime suspects who have links to terrorist outfits. Nobody has accused Pierre of any direct connection to the atrocities in New York or elsewhere—he and his wife, Traci Upshur, were taken in on unrelated gun charges and convicted of them on November 30. Yet authorities have detailed Pierre's extensive ties to al-Fuqra, a violent group of black Muslims whose members have been implicated in at least 17 bombings and 12 murders over the past twenty years. Pierre's Virginia compound, near the tiny crossroads hamlet of Red House, is believed to serve as an al-Fuqra base.

Pierre's story is compelling in its own right—anybody connected to al-Fuqra is also connected to killers, bombers, and

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arsonists. During Pierre's detention hearing in October, Thomas P. Gallagher of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms said he and his colleagues were worried about the possibility of "another Waco situation" developing in rural Virginia. More unsettling is the potential for al-Fuqra to wreak mayhem beyond its remote compound.

Pierre's case shows how militant groups organize and finance themselves—and also how federal law-enforcement authorities are responding to these known threats. Pierre, for instance, might still be free today but for 9/11. He was the subject of an ongoing gun probe when federal agents decided to accelerate his indictment. U.S. attorney John Brownlee explained the strategy: "Prevent first and prosecute second." Although Pierre has not been charged with any violence, he's close to those who have been, including at least one person involved in the 1998 embassy bombings and Osama bin Laden's al-Qaeda network.

Al-Fuqra—which means "the impoverished" in Arabic—was founded in 1980 when Sheikh Mubarak Ali Gilani traveled from Pakistan to an African-American mosque in Brooklyn. On this and subsequent trips, the charismatic sheikh helped create al-Fuqra, which is said to have between 1,000 and 3,000 members nationwide. It is not aligned with a more prominent and homegrown black Muslim group, the Nation of Islam, and in fact it has serious theological differences with Louis Farrakhan's flock. And it may pose a much greater threat to civil society.

About two dozen families live at the 44-acre compound near Red House, but al-Fuqra is headquartered in Hancock, N.Y., and maintains extensive ties to Gilani in Lahore. Members of the sect occasionally travel abroad for what Gallagher calls "paramilitary and survivalist training" under Gilani's supervision. Although Pierre has testified that he has not visited Pakistan, the BATF says at least one of the other Red House residents did go there, and Gallagher claims there is evidence of training in Afghanistan as well. Gilani recruited Americans to fight with the mujaheddin against the Soviets during the 1980s.

Al-Fuqra demonstrated its violent streak and national reach early on. A study written by Yehudit Barsky and published by the Anti-Defamation League catalogues the group's activities. From its first days more than two decades ago, members have attacked a virtual rainbow coalition of targets, including Hare Krishnas in San Diego, Hindus in Toronto, Sikhs in Seattle, and Buddhists in Illinois. Many of their favorite victims have links to India; Gilani is obsessed with the Kashmir conflict and views India as a mortal enemy. In 1983, al-Fuqra firebombed a Portland, Ore., hotel owned by the late Indian guru Bhagwan Shree Rajneesh. But al-Fuqra's hatred also extends to Muslims with whom they have doctrinal differences. A month after the Portland attack, for instance, two members murdered a rival Muslim leader in Michigan, and then were themselves killed when they set fire to an Islamic center in Detroit.

■

Al-Fuqra may be small-scale compared to al-Qaeda, but evidence links the two.

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An incident in 1989 demonstrated the group's calculated ruthlessness and also introduced Pierre to federal agents. Police on a search warrant raided a Colorado Springs storage locker registered to Pierre's father-in-law, who is also an al-Fuqra member. Inside they found information on a scam Pierre and others were running against Colorado's workers' compensation fund; they had defrauded the state of some $355,000 over several years. The locker's other contents were more alarming: ten handguns and silencers, 30 pounds of explosives, and target-practice silhouettes pierced with bullet holes and labeled "FBI Antiterrorist Team" and "Zionist Pig" (in Pierre's handwriting, according to Gallagher). Police also found information on local military installations and electrical power lines, plus "attack plans" against various targets. One of the targets, a moderate imam, was stabbed to death four months later.

Pierre dropped from sight, but he was located several years later working as a security guard in Pennsylvania. Put on trial in Colorado in 1993, he was convicted for his role in the workers'-comp swindle and sentenced to four years of probation. He was not linked to the murder of Khalifa, however; that crime was charged to James D. Williams, who remained a fugitive until last year, when he was arrested in Lynchburg, Va., not far from the Red House compound where he is believed to have lived and where he would have been one of Pierre's neighbors. (Earlier this year, Williams was sentenced to 69 years in prison.) During his detention hearing in October, Pierre denied knowing Williams, even though their names appeared alongside each other on documents found in the storage locker; he also denied the existence of al-Fuqra. "This is a phantom, nonexistent organization which does not exist," said Pierre. "It's just a figment of someone's imagination due to their ignorance of the Arabic language or perhaps due to their hate or prejudice of al-Islam."

This was a surprising claim, because many others—including Sheikh Gilani—have discussed al-Fuqra's activities. Pierre's very real participation in the al-Fuqra plot to rip off the state of Colorado is what made his arrest this year possible: Because of his 1993 felony conviction, federal law bars him from buying firearms, yet this is precisely what he tried to do at a gun store near Red House by having his wife make a "straw purchase" on his behalf.

Al-Fuqra's activities may be small-scale compared to those of al-Qaeda, but there is evidence linking the two groups. According to Gallagher, one of the men who assisted al-Fuqra in monitoring the murdered imam in 1989 was Wadih el-Hage, an al-Qaeda member sentenced to life in prison this October for his role in the 1998 embassy bombings.

Pierre and his wife won't be sentenced until April 5, and there's reason to think that others who live in the Red House compound continue to stockpile illegal weapons. On December 3, another Red House man, Bilal Abdullah Ben Benu, was indicted on federal firearms charges.

Some have questioned why the Bush administration wants to detain and prosecute people like Pierre and Benu, who have no apparent connection to the events of September 11. But the alternative to charging them with relatively minor crimes is to wait and see if they commit major ones later, and to catch them afterwards—if we can, and when it's too late. **NR**

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■ CAPITOL HILL ■

What's Teddy Done Now?

Sen. Kennedy shafts Scalia's son

KATE O'BEIRNE

A MAJORITY of the Senate would vote to confirm Eugene Scalia for the post of top lawyer at the Labor Department, so Senate majority leader Tom Daschle blithely announced an extraordinary confirmation standard in the case of this nominee (who happens to be Justice Antonin Scalia's son). "I don't believe he has the 60 votes that are required," Daschle announced before labeling the 38-year-old lawyer a "very controversial nominee." To bolster this assertion, Daschle lied about the nominee's record, claiming that Scalia refused to commit to enforcing all relevant laws.

Eugene Scalia's ordeal is a cautionary story of payback that illustrates the tactics Senate Democrats are prepared to employ to block not "controversial" but *consequential* nominees—like those for appellate courts.

Presidential politics, past and future, have made Scalia the longest-pending Bush nominee. Daschle is playing the 2001 version of Sore Loserman in his determination to exact revenge on the son for the sins of the father (in December 2000, Justice Scalia cast the deciding vote that made George W. Bush president), and playing up to the AFL-CIO's John Sweeney (whose support Daschle will need if he challenges Bush in 2004). Nominated on April 30, Scalia finally had a twice-postponed Labor Committee hearing on October 2—and even then only because Republican senator Judd Gregg warned Chairman Ted Kennedy that Republicans would block the panel's work until it took up the nomination.

During the hearing, Kennedy acknowledged the nominee's impressive credentials. Scalia is a 1990 graduate of the University of Chicago Law School, where he was editor in chief of the law review. His government service includes working for education secretary William Bennett and attorney general William Barr. When nominated, Scalia was practicing employment law as a partner in the Washington office of the L.A.-based firm Gibson, Dunn & Crutcher.

Sen. Gregg points out that "we are unaware of any prior solicitor nominee with his combination of academic accomplishment, prolific writing on labor and employment matters, and many years of practice as a labor and employment lawyer." Gregg's assertion has not been challenged; five former Labor Department solicitors have enthusiastically endorsed Scalia.

Scalia's qualifications aren't the problem; his unremarkable views and his admittedly remarkable pedigree are. Kennedy declared Scalia's opinions "outside the mainstream," echoing hostile labor unions by citing Scalia's "very strong opposition" to ergonomics regulations aimed at protecting workers from repetitive-motion injuries. Here, Kennedy noted that "many of us on the committee and in Congress respectfully disagree." Many, but not most: A majority of the Senate agrees with Scalia, having voted by a 56–44 margin to repeal the ergonomics regulations that President Clinton imposed by executive order a few days before he left office. "Gene Scalia is not as adamantly opposed to that order as I was," notes Oklahoma Republican senator Don Nickles, who saw Clinton's action as an illegal attempt to circumvent Congress's legislative authority. In backing the repeal, Louisiana Democratic senator John Breaux explained, "I don't want someone who is injured in a water-skiing accident on Sunday to go to work on Monday and complain that the back problem was generated in the workplace."

During his hearing, Scalia repeatedly pledged to enforce all of the over 200 existing federal workplace laws and regulations, none of which he has ever pub-

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licly criticized. While Senate Democrats took up AFL-CIO president Sweeney's charge that Scalia opposed "vital worker protections including ergonomics," other liberals made the disqualifying-surname case. In a column headlined, "Two Scalias in Our Government Are Two Too Many," Marianne Means saw the nomination of Eugene Scalia as a "deliberately vengeful move" by the president. "Looming over the selection is the dark shadow of his cranky father . . . the mastermind of the court's convoluted ruling that handed the presidency to Bush."

Despite the hype and hysteria, the committee approved Scalia on a vote of 11 to 10, with Vermont senator Jim Jeffords (Independent) agreeing to send the nomination forward. The committee's favorable vote prompted even-more-desperate Democratic tactics. By October 24, in a letter from Kennedy and Connecticut Democratic senator Chris Dodd to their Democratic colleagues, Eugene Scalia had become a fearsome threat to "children who toil in sweatshops" and "poultry workers" who risk "salmonella and other health hazards." For good measure, the two senators threw in the unsubstantiated charge that "Mr. Scalia also seriously misrepresented his record." This latest attack was too much for William Coleman, the former head of the NAACP's legal-defense fund, who reminded the senators that "truth and fairness are essential ingredients in any democratic system." Coleman highlighted Scalia's pro bono work as a professor at the University of the District of Columbia Law School, and pointed out that Democratic senators had praised his "integrity and frankness" during the hearings. In fact, Kennedy and Dodd themselves had earlier agreed that far from being "ethically challenged," Scalia was extremely well qualified for any number of government posts.

After weeks of stonewalling the Republicans—who cited 54 solid votes in favor of the nomination—Tom Daschle finally announced that Eugene Scalia lacked the requisite supermajority this particular nominee would need for approval.

A veteran (and disaffected) labor lobbyist explains that the AFL-CIO recognizes that the solicitor's office is key to "turning the department around," and the union therefore is "threatened by a competent solicitor interested in enforcing the law." He points out that Ted Kennedy is eager to help the unions because next year, the next generation of Kennedys will need the AFL-CIO's clout and cash. Teddy's niece, Kathleen Kennedy Townsend, is running for governor of Maryland, and nephew Mark Shriver is a congressional candidate there; also, son Patrick is in some trouble in his Rhode Island congressional district, where a recent poll found his popularity down more than 20 points in the past two years.

An administration source notes that Daschle, too, wants to court labor; the majority leader has been unable to block a vote on trade-promotion authority, and has failed to deliver the dislocated-worker program the unions wanted as part of the airline-bailout bill, so he is looking for some way to prove his clout. But as Daschle raised the standard for Scalia's confirmation, the White House was raising the visibility of the nomination. With both a war and stimulus-package politics raging, White House press secretary Ari Fleischer opened consecutive press briefings with a demand for action on the Scalia confirmation. According to an administration aide, "We're really going to go to the mattresses on Scalia."

One Republican senator suggests that "if the president wants to play hardball," he could put three pro-business members on the National Labor Relations Board, because "if Democrats are going to be killing a solicitor nominee, that would be a logical response." The White House is looking at this NLRB option, and also at a possible recess appointment of Scalia that would permit him to serve until the end of the following year—at which point one optimistic Senate GOP aide sees his confirmation as the first order of business for Labor Committee chairman Judd Gregg in a new Republican Senate.

Republicans recognize that the most consequential judicial nominees will face the same partisan payback and manufactured objections so unfairly inflicted on Eugene Scalia. The president's judicial legacy will rest on the White House's success in frustrating Daschle's unprecedented demand for "advice and supermajority consent" on presidential nominees. **NR**

■ **CULTURE WATCH** ■

Free to Go Bad

John Walker Lindh, an American tragedy

ROB LONG

An old college friend of mine, the son of two prominent psychiatrists, had a saying: "A shrink's kid is always nuts." There's something about knowing too much about human development that distorts the relationship between parent and child—something about the limitless patience and disarming acceptance of a trained, non-judgmental therapist that's just guaranteed to drive a kid bonkers. There is nothing more infuriating to the young than being understood, and nothing so disorienting as having every idiotic enthusiasm and newfound obsession supported and indulged by their parents. For the years between, say, 14 and 19, every kid is a terrorist and every parent a John Ashcroft. Or they should be.

John Walker Lindh, the young man who left Northern California to lose himself in the Islamic fundamentalist movement, got the first part right. By any definition, he qualifies as a terrorist. Along with his gun-toting support of the Taliban in Afghanistan, he is also reported to have trained as a terrorist at al-Qaeda camps—learning how to blow stuff up, how to send and receive code, and creepiest of all, how to look inconspicuous at airports.

The legal questions here are subtle and complicated. Did Walker give up his citizenship when he picked up his Taliban-issue rifle? Is he properly prosecuted by the new government of Afghanistan, or by us? If by us, should it be in a court of law, as a citizen, or in a military tribunal, as a terrorist? Where did he get the dough to fly off to Pakistan last year? When he walked into his house wearing a skullcap and dashiki at age 17, why didn't anyone knock him upside his head?

He isn't a shrink's kid, but he's awfully

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close. The product of divorced parents from Marin County, California (are there any other kind?), he was raised in the very crucible of cultural nuttiness at the absolute zenith of its pervasiveness. He is a child of hot tubs, massage therapy, cultural relativism, amicable divorce, racial guilt, vegan diets, Chardonnay anti-Americanism, and "Teach Peace" bumper stickers. He is the product of gray-bearded radical high-school history teachers, old Volvos, public radio, world beat music, women's bookstores, pita-wrap sandwiches, and clunky brown sandals. He is . . . well, you know who he is. He's a rich American kid from a rich American town who was raised to believe that every crazy idea and every loony impulse he ever had was valid, that all cultures are basically equal (except for ours, which is a good deal worse), and that America is a pretty bad place.

It is tempting to pin this all on the liberals. Liberals have a lot of things to answer for, of course, but I'm not sure that John Walker Lindh is one of them, except in the most elastic sense. After all, he rejected the feels-good-do-it vibe of his hometown for the austerity and self-denial of Islam. He was a very conservative teen, no sex, no drugs—talk about your "Just Say No"—who saw the world in a series of starkly defined choices. In a more conservative part of the country, with a greater fundamentalist-Christian presence, he might have been able to channel his energies into that religion, in which case he might have gone to Pakistan to convert *them*, and not the other way around. When he picked radical Islam as his faith, and the Taliban as his government of choice, he rejected all of the left-wing pieties of his upbringing and education. At least the Viet Cong sympathizers and Shining Path collaborators of an earlier era of American Upper-Middle-Class Youth Dementia paid lip service to the liberal claptrap of the time. (You remember: peace, love, equality, yada, yada, yada.)

So we make a mistake when we load John Walker Lindh onto the backs of liberal liabilities. He's a product of the American soup—a few parts no-fault divorce, a few parts left-wing history teacher, a few parts intellectual laziness, a few parts nutty parenting, and a healthy pinch of rudderless adolescence. (And we also make a tactical mistake. Let's be

John Walker by Roman Genn

realistic: The guy who has been sending anthrax to network anchors and Democratic senators is probably—in his mind, anyway—on our side. And when they catch him, the media will stick him to us like an American-flag lapel pin.)

But in an irony so rich it's almost impossible to grasp: Thousands of miles away, in a country few of us could have found easily on a map a few months ago, an American boy who is rich and went there to fight for a backward, murderous dictatorship is now being guarded by an American boy who is not, and who did not. It's the world as seen through the experiences of 20-year-old Americans. Some get lost among the choices and the freedoms of our prosperous and indulgent society. Some don't. Thank God we produce more of the latter—way more—than the former.

In a way, of course, the 20-year-old American prisoner and the 20-year-old American Marine guard were both looking for the same thing: discipline, belonging, becoming part of a larger enterprise, and—in their own way—service. And yet a boy from Marin County who proudly decides to join the Marines is probably considered a great deal more eccentric—and alarming—than a boy who dons a skullcap and heads off to Yemen.

After his parents' divorce, John Walker Lindh dropped his father's surname, Lindh, and went by his mother's, Walker. I think there's something in that, the whole I-hate-Dad's-name thing. I know the divorce was probably really amicable and Marin County-ish, and that everyone was probably really cool about the whole thing, and that his dad never hassled him for his beliefs and incipient treason, but maybe—and I'm not a psychiatrist, I'm just a talented amateur—just maybe it's easier to hate a dad who refuses to hassle you about *anything*. Maybe you drop his name and change your religion and fly off to Yemen and fight for a filthy, evil government not because you're on any kind of "spiritual journey," as some of John Walker's relatives have suggested, but because you want your dad to drag you home, to slap some sense into you, to let you know that in life we all make choices and face the consequences of our choices, and that years ago he made a choice to be your dad, and his job is to look out for you and to keep you from hurting yourself and others.

Because the sad truth is that it's a lot easier and less time-consuming to be a tolerant and open and accepting dad than it is to be a judgmental, head-cracking one. Parents who adopt the Marin County approach probably feel quite progressive and nurturing, but they also must have a good deal more free time, unburdened by the hours of conflict, confrontation, tears, rage, hurt, slamming doors, loud music, awkward silences, simmering anger, tense dinner tables, and unexpected expressions of love that mark the turbulent growing-up of pretty much everybody. Except John Walker. He had it easy. His parents just let him go. **NR**

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Rumsfeld Rules

The defense secretary is a blast from the past who is the man of the hour

JAY NORDLINGER

WHO'S the "star" of this war so far? That's a vulgar consideration, given the awful work that has to be done. But there *is*, undeniably, an answer: Don Rumsfeld. Yes, Rumsfeld: defense secretary, TV personality, sex symbol (no kidding—more on that in a second), role model, inspiration. As one Washington arbiter puts it, "Rummy" is the *man* now. The man to whom the nation turns, the man to whom it listens. Nearly everyone—Republican or Democrat—sees him as the right guy at the right time in the right job.

One longtime Rumsfeld friend explains its nicely—and in decidedly Rummyesque fashion: "We're not playing pitty-patty anymore. We have a foe that's proven deadly. People look for a different kind of person to run Washington—as far away from the Clinton type as you can get."

Evidence of Rumsfeld mania is everywhere, and it's mounting. Consider a few facts:

• Reports have it that people gather round to watch Rumsfeld press conferences the way they do Oprah.

• One Hollywood grande dame, hostess of a prized post-Oscar party, says to another Hollywood grande dame, "I'll call you in the morning." The second dame replies, "Okay, but be careful: Rumsfeld's on at 9:45."

• Women confide that they have . . . well, un-defense-policy-like thoughts about the secretary of defense. Not just older women, either, and not just stiff-haired Republicans: young ones, liberal ones, whatever. Larry King is moved to ask Rumsfeld about his new status as sex symbol. Says Rumsfeld, "Oh, come on. For the AARP, perhaps. I'm pushing seventy years old." Yeah, so?

• A journalist who's a perfect parody of a liberal—reflexively so—duly thinks that John Ashcroft is the devil incarnate. But she confesses: "I love Rumsfeld."

• *Saturday Night Live*—ever a barometer of cool—makes Rumsfeld something of a cult figure, or rather, acknowledges his status as such. Its parody of a Rumsfeld press conference is wildly successful. "Rumsfeld" makes the reporters look ridiculous, responding bluntly and tartly to not-so-bright questions. It's not every day that this show makes a Republican military official look with-it, the press corps not.

And so on. Rumsfeld is definitely the man of the hour, a classic American type returned to do a hard duty. He is direct, decent, and clear. It doesn't hurt him, either, that he is, indeed, a "handsome Joe," as my grandmother would say. Rumsfeld is this war's pin-up, its Betty Grable.

Which drives certain Rumsfeld staffers slightly nuts, of course, because the SecDef—SexDef?—is a terribly serious guy, overseeing a terribly serious operation, and all this "star" talk is just style, image: but the style and image aren't necessarily disconnected from the exigencies and obligations of the current situation. What Rumsfeld is, is a throwback. That's the word that keeps coming up in reference to him: "throwback." He's a reminder of the Greatest Generation—though he's about a half-generation younger than that—at a time when Greatest Generation grit and clarity of purpose are called for. He's not fighting on the battlefield, risking life and limb; but he is representing—reflecting—those who do, as civilian leaders often must.

You can get too sociological about this, but Rumsfeld is the anti-Alda. In a feminized society—whose idea of a male sex symbol has been the Brad Pitt-style pretty boy—he is a relief, or a rediscovery. He has walked out of *Father Knows*

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Best, or some WWII flick. And just as he's the anti-Alda, he is—as everyone says—the anti-Clinton. The *ultimate* anti-Clinton. Whereas Clinton was a pain-feeler, Rumsfeld is more a pain-inflicter, at least where the country's enemies are concerned. And he must be the most uneuphemistic person alive. He is totally immune, and allergic, to "spin." Says an old Rumsfeld hand, "He doesn't like to be spun. He sees it in a second, and you're dead if you try to do it. And he doesn't spin other people."

TALK ABOUT A 'NO-SPIN ZONE'

Ask most serious reporters and other keen types what they like about Rumsfeld—or even think of him—and they're liable to answer, "He tells the truth." Simple as that. Says one veteran newsman, "I've spent the better part of my life covering public officials, and on matters of policy—irrespective of party—most of them, when they're giving a briefing, cover their a**. That's why briefings are opaque, why they have all the spontaneity of a kabuki dance. But Rummy never dodges, never shucks. He doesn't say, 'I'll have to take that under advisement.' He just comes at you straight."

Rumsfeld himself seems to be obsessed with the truth. Early in the war, he wrote in an op-ed piece, "Some believe the first casualty of any war is the truth. But in this war, the first victory must be to tell the truth." He loves to admit what he doesn't know, and loves to tell you what he *does* know. He'll usually do so in "throwback" language. Featured in his lexicon are "golly," "holy mackerel," and "dadburn." Speaking of U.N. and American inspectors in Iraq, looking for the worst, he said, "We couldn't find beans, and it's there, and we know it's there." He spoke of "getting al-Qaeda and the Taliban the dickens out of Kabul and the rest of the country." "Beans"; "dickens"—it goes with the Vitalis-friendly hair. (Remember Vitalis?)

People are trading favorite Rumsfeld comments, and they're almost impossible not to repeat. Asked whether the U.S. was running out of targets in Afghanistan, he said, "We aren't running out of targets; Afghanistan is." After the Taliban crumbled, he recalled the time, days before, when "it looked like nothing was happening, when it looked like we were in a—all together, now—*quagmire*."

And he is almost deliriously unhesitant about using what NATIONAL REVIEW's Kate O'Beirne refers to as "the K-word": kill. Why, asked a reporter, are we using such heavy bombs? "They are being used on frontline al-Qaeda and Taliban troops to try to kill them." Oh. Rumsfeld even *goes out of his way* to use the K-word, abhorring euphemisms: "We have not been able, thus far, to stop them, that is to say, kill them." A Pakistani minister in Islamabad told the *New York Times*, "I am sorry to put it in this way, but Rumsfeld's been extremely callous." He has also been extremely realistic.

In his communications with the public, certain things come up, again and again. Rumsfeld bridles at suggestions that the U.S.—or Israel—is engaged in "retaliation" or "retribution" or "revenge." No, he insists: It's simple self-defense. "The only way to defend against terrorists is to go after the terrorists." He is relentless on the subject of what the war will require. Tim Russert asked him (on December 2), "You think we have a few months of long, bloody battle?" Said Rumsfeld, "Oh, I wouldn't limit it to that." He continually describes war as a "dirty job"—a "tough, long, grinding, dirty business." He also warns of casualties: "certain" casualties. How about collateral damage, the accidental killing of innocents? The terrorists' fault: They're the ones who started and necessitate this war. Rumsfeld emphasizes the newness, the strangeness, of the conflict, wherein "there isn't any army we can go out and defeat, no navy we can sink, no air forces we can shoot out of the sky." There will be no "exit strategies" in this one, and "no signing ceremony on the deck of the *Missouri*."

And he constantly reminds people of what the terrorists did on September 11, as though worried that someone may forget. "They have done a terrible, terrible thing, and have vowed to do it again. We can't let them."

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Ask most serious reporters what they like about Rumsfeld, and they're liable to answer, 'He tells the truth.' Simple as that.

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One of his many jobs in government was envoy to the Middle East, under Reagan. His understanding of the Arab–Israeli conflict is both breathtakingly simple and profound. He says, "There are many people in that part of the world who'd love to shove Israel into the sea, and not have it be there, and until people are willing to accept the presence of Israel, Israel obviously is not going to be able to make a deal." We are talking about "a very small country that doesn't have a big margin for error." Those sentences are worth about ten books by big-newspaper Middle East correspondents.

For me, a perfectly emblematic Rumsfeld moment came in that earlier-mentioned interview with Larry King. Here we have the Rumsfeldian element of surprise: the surprise of candor, and of an unbending logic. Larry asked him, "Is it very important that the coalition hold?" This seems a no-brainer: Yes (most people would say). But Rumsfeld squints his eyes, with those granny glasses, screws up his face, and—in a tone soaked with incredulity and exasperation—says, "No." He goes on to explain that coalitions come and go according to a particular task, and that "the *worst* thing you can do is allow a coalition to determine what your mission is."

Some people—Rumsfeld admirers—worry that he's spending too much time on television, when, after all, he's got both a war and a mammoth, problematic department to run. But others say that this war needs such a communicator, especially because it is a peculiar, confusing war. Besides which: Who else can do this, like that?

WHO'S LAUGHING NOW?

When George W. Bush asked Rumsfeld to return to the

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Pentagon—he'd been defense secretary under Ford—there were a few snickers, a few groans. This was "throwback," indeed, and not the positive kind. Rumsfeld wasn't even one of "Poppy"'s boys! He was a Nixon-Ford guy! The taunts of *New York Times* columnist Maureen Dowd sum up the now-ancient thinking about Rumsfeld. She dubbed him "Rip Van Rummy," rudely woken up after 25 years out of government. He was—get this—"clueless about the press" (who are Stradivariuses in his hands). "You can just hear Rummy slugging back a Scotch with Cheney in the Oval after they've put the Kid [Bush] to bed, grousing about the gazillion dollars' worth of investments he has to sell to avoid a conflict, and growling: 'Real men can drink twice that much arsenic.'" (Ah, yesteryear, when the greatest threat to us was that Republicans would poison the water supply.)

■

When George W. Bush appointed him, there were some snickers, some groans. One liberal columnist called him 'Rip Van Rummy.'

■

Tunes have changed—and Rumsfeld stalwarts, while tickled, are a little annoyed at the new, positive Rumsfeld image. He has *always* been "the man," they say, even if the press, and the change-resistant generals, and congressional anti-SDI-ers didn't like it. The common line now is, "Rumsfeld wasn't much of a secretary of defense, but he's a helluva secretary of war." This disgusts the Rumsfeldites, who argue that their guy has been, more than anything else, vindicated.

Long before it was cool, Rumsfeld was advocating a lighter, fleeter, more flexible, post–Cold War military (so was George W. Bush). A military adapted to protect against unseen phantoms of the night. In front of the Armed Services Committee, in June, Rumsfeld said, "We cannot know precisely who will threaten us in the decades ahead. But while it is difficult to know precisely who will threaten us, or where, or when, it is less difficult to anticipate *how* we will be threatened. We know, for example, that our open borders and open societies make it easy and inviting for terrorists to strike at our people where they live and work." On the morning of the 11th itself, before the planes hit, Rumsfeld was in his office, admonishing congressmen about the dangers of terrorism. For months (and years), he had cautioned against complacency, against sitting around "fat, dumb, and happy." He would talk of the need for "homeland defense": and the very *words* would cause eyes to roll.

Today, Rumsfeld staffers take pains not to say "I told you so"—their boss would be all over them "like ugly on ape," as the first Bush used to say—but sometimes it slips out.

These staffers are proud to work for Rumsfeld, and they enjoy the reaction they get when they tell people—just folks—where they work, and for whom. Rumsfeld is the central-casting tough-but-inspiring boss. One aide says, "You're scared to death to go in there [to Rumsfeld's office] and not perform properly. After you get to know him, there's a lot of banter and a lot of fun. But when the light turns on—when you're dealing with business—you gotta be on your toes. You learn as a staffer to do it right. He trains you. It takes about twice."

Rumsfeld is famously a nut about precision: precise words, precise thoughts, precise actions. A story is told from the 1996 Dole campaign that is semi-legend. (For this story, please bear in mind that Rumsfeld was chairman—sort of a figurehead chairman—of that campaign, and that, in the years after he left the Defense Department, he'd run the pharmaceutical company Searle.) Rumsfeld has a recent law-school grad working as his secretary. The guy—green, un-Rumsfeldized—screws up somehow, and Rumsfeld gives him what-for. He lectures him as follows: "You must learn to be *precise*. In the drug business, if I'm imprecise, *people will die*. In the Pentagon, if I'm imprecise, *people will die*." The poor kid left the office shook, but he did very well from then on. Rumsfeld became a benefactor, securing for him several jobs. On the campaign, the young man took to mimicking Rumsfeld's tongue-lashing, to the delight of all, including the chairman himself. It became kind of a giddy buzz phrase on a generally joyless adventure: *People will die!*

The respect you hear expressed for Rumsfeld is startling. It isn't sycophantic; it is deeply held. Vin Weber, the former congressman and now multipurpose Washingtonian, says, flatly, "He's the best man in government." So do others. Weber says, "He's the one guy about whom I've thought—more than about anyone else—'It's really too bad he wasn't president.'" Plenty of others say the same thing.

Rumsfeld seems a man completely in possession of himself. He's close to—one would think—the end of a long and honored career. He's not nervous about what other people think of him; he's not afraid to lose his job; he's not looking to move up, to continue climbing the greasy pole. He is free—freer than most—to do and say what he regards as right.

Though he's seen as a dour type—and seems to revel in being a bearer of bad news, or a reminder of the present grimness—he's also an optimist, pointing toward ultimate victory. Constantly, he stresses the need to "hang in there," to see it through to the end. Under Nixon, he was ambassador to NATO, and, speaking of this time, he has said, "In the early Seventies, I'd have to fly back to testify against the amendments to reduce forces in Europe and to pull out of Europe and to give up and throw in the towel. We'd win by three, four, five votes. But here we are: No Soviet Union."

Rumsfeld—as much as the president—is the face of American determination in this war. Over the years, he has collected what he calls "Rumsfeld's Rules," for succeeding in government, business, and elsewhere. One of them is, "The most underestimated risk for a politician is overexposure." There will perhaps come a time when Rumsfeld is overexposed. But as the bombs are falling overseas and the home front is tense, most people seem to be saying: more, more, more. **NR**

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Really Big Oil

While fighting terrorism, fight OPEC, too

RICHARD LOWRY

BACK in 1973, Sheikh Ahmad Zaki Yamani, the petroleum minister of Saudi Arabia, feared that while he was wielding his "oil weapon," the West might wield weapons of its own. Rumors circulated that Washington was considering seizing the Saudi oilfields by force. According to Anthony Cave Brown's *Oil, God, and Gold*, Yamani "worried that anyone could even suggest it. All the more so because desperate people sometimes do desperate things." Defense secretary James Schlesinger later said, "I was prepared to seize Abu Dhabi. Something small. But nothing big. Militarily we could have seized one of the Arab states. I think the Arabs were quite worried about it after 1973."

Of course, the idea, unlikely to begin with, quickly faded as the West and the Gulf states settled into an accommodation. But the whispered political fantasy from 1973 is experiencing a comeback. There are two principal sources of power for Middle Eastern states and terrorist groups hostile to the West: weapons of mass destruction (see my "Delay or Die?" NR, Dec. 3) and oil. The administration, by giving Saddam Hussein an ultimatum to allow inspectors back into the country, is taking the first step to deal with the weapons threat seriously. But the war on terrorism should also seek at least to diminish the influence of—and perhaps to destroy—OPEC.

The cartel has an anti-Western Third Worldism imprinted on its DNA. It was conceived in the late 1950s in the flush of Nasserite Arab nationalism; it grew to strength in an environment of trendy anti-Americanism in the 1960s and 1970s; and it lives on today as a source of funds for, among other things, weapons, radical Islamic education, and terrorism. An increase in the price of oil from, say, $10 a barrel to $30 transfers tens of billions annually from the American economy to oil sheiks. The sheiks, in turn, spend the money both on their lavish corruption, thus indirectly fostering resentment and Islamic radicalism, and on buying off their militant critics, thus *directly* fostering resentment and Islamic radicalism.

OPEC's threat is not, as is widely thought, that it might cut off oil to the West. As the Cato Institute's Jerry Taylor tirelessly argues, this is essentially impossible. Although OPEC may be able to sell oil that would have been sold to the U.S. to someone else, there's nothing stopping that third party from reselling it to the U.S., which is what happened during the 1973 embargo. In any case, the Arabs have to sell oil for it to be any good to them; otherwise, they are like a candy store refusing to sell candy. So, as Taylor points out, by December 1973 OPEC was agreeing to a 10 percent increase in production for January, simply because it didn't make sense to forgo revenues.

OPEC vulture by Ismael Roldan

THE ARABIAN HILLBILLIES

The problem with OPEC is that it enriches what are to varying degrees nasty, undemocratic, anti-American regimes, from Iran to Venezuela, from Libya to the mother of all contemptible oil states, Saudi Arabia. God played a bad joke indeed by locating more than two-thirds of the world's known oil reserves in the Persian Gulf. It isn't just that there's a lot of it there; it is also easy, and therefore cheap, to get at. The opening sequence of *The Beverly Hillbillies*, when someone accidentally shoots a hole in the ground and oil ("black gold, Texas tea") sprays out, isn't far from reality in the Gulf. So it is that the Saudis and Kuwaitis can produce a barrel of oil for $1.50 or less, while a barrel can cost about $7 to produce elsewhere (in places like ANWR, the Alaskan reserve).

Given the facts on (or rather under) the ground, op-ed writers often suggest a massive hike in the U.S. gas tax as the best way to lessen dependence on OPEC. It certainly would, but it is political fantasy. The U.S. will never adopt European- or Japanese-style $2–3 a gallon gasoline taxes because, in such a spread-out country, the subway is not really an alternative. The idea suffers as well from a deeper, conceptual flaw. OPEC is a cartel that sticks it to the American consumer. Having the U.S. government stick it to the U.S. consumer instead has important advantages—we would use the dollars to fund retiring baby boomers, not radical sheiks—but it would still be dunning ordinary Americans.

The best way to look at OPEC is not as a domestic problem, but as a foreign-policy one. A concert of foreign powers is conspiring—in the open, around fancy Swiss conference tables stocked with Brita water—to divert billions away from the American economy. The U.S. effort to hit back should begin, at the very least, with suasion. The U.S. government spent over $12 million to fight Bill Gates's supposed monopoly, but barely makes a peep about the oligopolistic behavior of, among others, the anti-American president of Venezuela, Hugo Chavez. Six OPEC members belong to the WTO, which prohibits members from setting quantitative restrictions on imports or exports. Saudi Arabia desperately wants to join. The WTO, then, is a perfect forum for the U.S. to seek relief from OPEC price-fixing.

Another lever of American power is U.S. investment, which can provide the technology and know-how to open up new sources of oil, in Russia, the Caspian Sea, offshore West Africa, and elsewhere. All of which serves to dilute OPEC's market power. The cartel has slipped to 40 percent of world exports today from about 80 percent in the late 1970s. The more sources of oil, the harder it is to corral everyone into a price-fixing scheme and the likelier

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countries are to cheat on production quotas—like the cheatingest nation around, Russia. The world's second-largest exporter of oil (after Saudi Arabia) sometimes promises to play along with OPEC, but lately has been stiffing it. Russian energy honchos—hucksters slowly turning into bona fide capitalists—have developed a taste for profits, which, for the moment, means selling their product cheaply and trying to gobble up market share.

TARGET: IRAQ

Efforts to jaw-bone OPEC, or to encourage different international sources of oil, pale in importance before a more direct approach: Like the fight against weapons of mass destruction, the campaign against OPEC begins in earnest with the liberation of Iraq. Unlike barren Afghanistan, the redevelopment of which will be an American act of charity, Iraq is rich in major resources. It is sitting on more than 112 billion barrels of oil, the second-largest proven reserves in the world. Iraqi production declined catastrophically after the Persian Gulf War, but is climbing back to pre-war levels. Amazingly enough, 7 percent of American oil imports are from Iraq.

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Like the fight against weapons of mass destruction, the campaign against OPEC begins in earnest with the liberation of Iraq.

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Oil is always a dictator's best friend, and Saddam is no exception. First, there is the money. Saddam is estimated to make as much as $2 billion per year in illegal revenues, totally outside of the U.N.'s so-called "food for oil" program. Then, there is diplomacy (read: extortion). Iraq has in recent years said it will rip up French contracts to develop Iraqi oil unless Paris opposes U.S. attempts to keep sanctions on Baghdad. Iraq threatens simply to give the business to the Russians. Indeed, the Chinese, French, and Russian support of Iraq in the U.N. is worth billions of dollars to companies in those countries.

So, oil might keep America from confronting Saddam, if the French et al. have their way. But, ideally, it is oil that should help impel the U.S. into Iraq. Before the invasion of Kuwait, Iraq was pumping 3.5 million barrels a day. By 2000, it was back up to 2.6 million barrels. When sanctions are lifted, Iraq hopes to go to 6 million barrels, and even higher. This is an enormous untapped potential that the U.S. currently attempts to suppress through sanctions that both indirectly hurt the Iraqi people and ultimately don't work. Toppling Saddam and installing a pro-Western regime outside of OPEC would be good for Iraqis, enhance U.S. security, and make for a devastating blow against the cartel. Ideally, it would also bring to Iraq a free-market economy, the most important predicate for the political liberalization of the Middle East.

Would the Saudis balk? Chances are that they would have to accommodate themselves to whatever we do in Iraq (there are signs that this is already happening). If not? If the royals turn hostile, or are challenged by radical unrest? Well, so what? Imagine a country run entirely by the House Appropriations Committee, where every possible public-works project is approved to appease some political constituency. Imagine a country run by the spoiled entourage of a rock star, where every whim of every prince is a line item in the national budget. This is Saudi Arabia.

It may not exactly be a "failed state," in the argot of international relations, but it is a limping one. OPEC is inherently a socialist enterprise, so member governments—especially Saudi Arabia—are corrupt, backwards, and repressive. Almost all Saudis are employed by the government, its debt is about 100 percent of GDP (inching toward basket-case territory), and per capita income the last two decades has been sharply declining. A showdown with Saudi Arabia that resulted in the U.S. seizing its oil-rich Eastern province, or installing a *truly* friendly, reformist government, would not be much of a material blow to anyone, except a few thousand royal hangers-on.

A BAD DEAL

Saudi Arabia, after a long tug-of-war culminating in the late 1970s, nationalized the American conglomerate that had developed its oil fields, reflecting a broad decline in Anglo-American power. Today, the U.S. could, in effect, unnationalize the Saudi oil business as part of a surging reassertion of its power. The British, prior to 1971, provided security in the Gulf in exchange for a friendly business environment, an arrangement that worked well. The U.S. has ended up filling the British role of guaranteeing Gulf security. But what the U.S. has gotten in exchange is a Saudi regime that fosters a vicious religious totalitarianism; a hostile dictator in Iraq; a Gulf-led cartel that fixes world oil prices (arguably prompting the last four U.S. recessions); and, of course, on top of it all, the hatred of murderous terrorists.

It is a bad deal. If we're to be hated, shouldn't we get something for it? But what makes any reckoning with the Saudis as unlikely as it was in 1973 is the fact that the Bush administration doesn't take such a dim view of their OPEC handiwork. The Saudis, with the biggest, cheapest oil reserves, have traditionally worked to "moderate" OPEC prices, keeping them from going so high that the Saudis lose market share or so low that they lose revenues. The American government tends to appreciate both, but especially the floor that keeps prices from declining too far. That keeps in business the thousands of marginal U.S. producers (in places like West Texas) who would have to ditch the cowboy boots and the oil business if the price fell, say, to $10 a barrel.

In fact, the Bush energy plan is premised on high prices that would justify subsidies to all sorts of high-cost energy producers. Critics say the plan is a sop to Big Oil, but this isn't fair. It's also a sop to Big Wind, Big Coal, Big Bio-mass, and anyone else with the remotest chance of creating BTUs. This is called "energy security." But anything that indirectly depends on the price-fixing, and therefore the enrichment, of a bevy of anti-American regimes is the opposite of security. During World War II, British ambassador Lord Halifax complained to FDR about an American power-play in the Middle East. Roosevelt produced a map and spelled it out for Halifax: "Persian oil is yours. We share the oil of Iraq and Kuwait. Saudi Arabian oil is America's." U.S. policymakers should begin feeling nostalgic. **NR**

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Me and My Nail Clippers

A day in the airports

JONAH GOLDBERG

IT'S a little after 9 A.M. at Ronald Reagan National Airport, and a middle-aged man of indeterminate nationality has his hand in my pants. He's not very far down into them, barely over the belt line; but a little of this sort of thing goes a long way.

He did ask first ("Can I touch your belt buckle?") because the buckle had set off his metal-detecting wand, and so he had to make sure—manually—that I wasn't hiding a garrote or pickax behind it. All this took only a moment, but you know the old saying: Time never flies when an uninvited civil servant has his hands in your pants. Besides, since I know I don't have any artillery in my trousers (contrary to what I may have led some people to believe in college), I'm far more concerned about the risk this guy poses to me than the one I pose to him.

Indeed, I desperately want to ask him: "Exactly how many midsections do you inspect, sans rubber gloves, before you wash your hands, sir?" But I hold off, because I don't want to cause trouble and risk getting thrown off my timetable. You see, I have five planes to catch. My itinerary for the day is one long, bleary Möbius strip of domestic air travel: Washington to Cincinnati to Raleigh-Durham to Atlanta back to Washington. My mission: Get a snapshot of the chaos of America's domestic-security system.

Washington, D.C., is full of exasperated people telling stories about confiscated nail clippers, impounded emery boards, seized tie clips, and similar outrages. My own mother said to me after taking the shuttle over Thanksgiving, "If another airline prison-matron wannabe sticks her fingers into my cleavage, she's going to draw back a nub." So I was sure that the three large toenail clippers (complete with stainless-steel nail file) and the pair of tweezers in my backpack would get nabbed at National Airport—which is, after all, just a few minutes from the Pentagon and the White House.

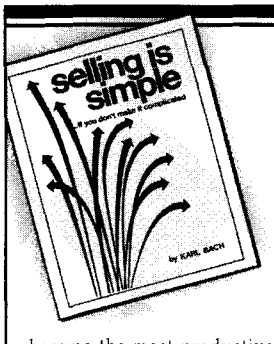
That didn't happen, but I did get a pretty thorough patdown, including the aforementioned belt-buckle test. The guy even squeezed the tips of my shoes like a salesman making sure they fit properly. On the one hand, I was shocked: Why could I get through with these items when I'd heard so many others couldn't? On the other hand: So what? Could I—or even a highly trained and motivated terrorist—really have seized control of my plane to Cincinnati with my car keys and a bandolier of manicure utensils?

Of course not. And as the day progressed, I realized that was never the point. It was while I was at the Raleigh-Durham airport, waiting to be searched once again, that I figured this out. Three Spanish-speaking men—apparently Central American—were forced to remove their boots, turn out their pockets, and put all of their belongings on the table. And it hit me: This is a roust. The entire flying public is being rousted.

In case you didn't know, rousting is a time-honored practice of dubious constitutionality in which the police hassle suspects about all sorts of little stuff in order to keep the perps on their toes or force them into making mistakes. The idea is to turn up the heat on 'em, and see what shakes loose.

The airline-security police are doing this for one simple reason: Nobody knows how to stop the next terrorist attack. Terrorist attacks, by their very nature, are unpredictable: Terrorists always have the advantage, because they only have to use one method of their choosing on one day, while security people have to prepare every day for an almost limitless

Mr. Goldberg is editor of National Review Online (www.nationalreview.com).



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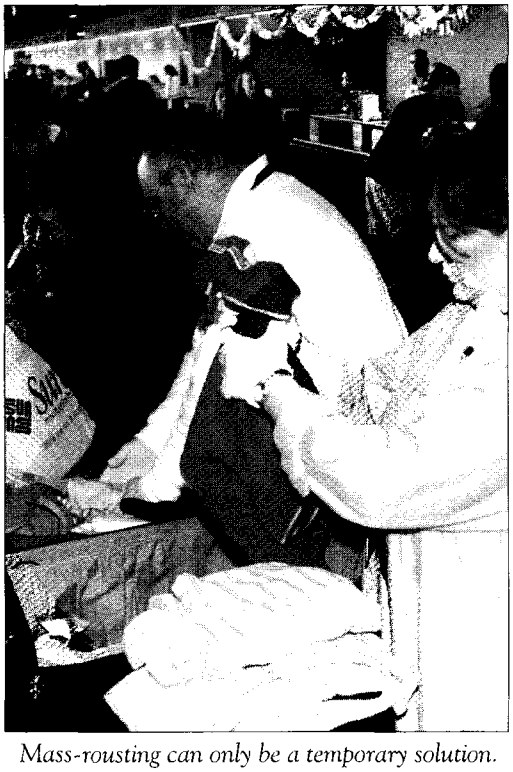
array of possible threats. Indeed, the attacks of September 11 were particularly confounding for the experts because the hijackers used only legal items.

Will the rousting strategy work? Yes and no. In the short term, it will make people more alert, more security-conscious. But over the long term, its basic ridiculousness will be counterproductive: It will continue to annoy travelers, but simultaneously encourage complacency about real threats.

The motivation behind rousting is unassailable: There's no doubt that airport security before September 11 was scandalously lax, and that something needed to be done. In 1999, undercover federal agents made it through secure doors 46 times at four major airports. The agents managed to walk around the tarmac and even board planes without being questioned by security officials. The new airline-security protocols aren't fully in place yet, but it seems hard to believe—considering the almost daily delays and partial evacuations around the country—that such breaches are as likely today. All over America, lazy or incompetent security workers are being fired; those remaining on the job are, by all accounts, far better motivated than they were prior to 9/11.



Agence France Presse

Mass-rousting can only be a temporary solution.

The feds, too, have gotten serious about security: Operation Safe Travel—which brings together the Social Security Administration, the FAA, the INS, and other federal and state agencies—has already resulted in the indictment of 69 workers (and the termination of another 200) at Salt Lake City International Airport who used illegal documentation to get their jobs. "We are not going to wait around for something to happen," the U.S. attorney overseeing the indictments told the Associated Press. And at San Francisco International Airport, 29 employees had their security badges revoked when background checks revealed they were felons (the list included convicted kidnappers, sex offenders, and other violent criminals).

Law-enforcement officials are quick to point out that none of these developments has a direct link to preventing specific terrorist acts, but common sense compels one to see all this as a step in the right direction. The system-wide inconvenience serves one central purpose: It sends a signal. Al-Qaeda-style terrorists take from all of the commotion that there's no way they could reliably get an organized group of men on board another plane. Since September 11, the airports have made it clear that if they find anything truly worrisome about one passenger, the whole plane will be scrutinized before it's allowed to take off.

The mass-rousting also sends a signal to the non-terrorists: What appears to be intense scrutiny at airports reassures people that positive steps are being taken. If they're confiscating tie clips and hatpins, the reasoning goes, they must also be confiscating anything the terrorists could use as a weapon (this belief persists despite the fact that the airlines still cannot scan all checked luggage for bombs).

But the problem with this message to the general public is that it is by its very nature temporary and superficial. When I was in Raleigh-Durham, I took a cab to the nearest shopping mall and restocked on dangerous items: an $8 pair of cuticle scissors; another, bigger, metal nail file; and a key-chain pocketknife with a very sharp two-inch blade.

Once again, I set off alarms. (This time a middle-aged Latina asked me if I could open my belt myself, so she could "check out" my pants. How many times have I heard that?) Then, a male security guard asked me to open my backpack. I obliged, and he asked me to open a small compartment where I'd stashed most of my would-be weapons. "What can I say? Nail care is my passion," I told him nervously. He barely grunted a response except to ask me to remove the scissors he saw on the x-ray machine. "You can't have these," he stated matter-of-factly.

That's fine. But I still made it through with what could be an equally menacing nail file, a pocketknife no less deadly than a box cutter, and a collection of nail clippers that you'd think would arouse at least some suspicion of the "How many nail clippers does one guy need?" variety.

And this indicates why the mass-rousting of America can only be a temporary solution. Eventually, enough people will figure out that it's show business; and once they do, the security benefits will be negligible. The terrorists will learn how to conceal weapons more discreetly and reliably than I did with my pocketknife and nail-clipper arsenal; and the general public will realize that the sound and fury signifies very little. The best illustration of this principle is the scattered reports of National Guardsmen protecting airports and other vulnerable installations, but without ammunition. As long as people don't know the guardsmen don't have bullets, there's a real benefit; once it becomes public knowledge, it's almost worse than no guardsmen at all.

EVERYONE AN EQUAL SUSPECT

If, over the long term, rousting won't work, why do it? Well, Norman Mineta, the secretary of transportation, is adamant that the FAA use no racial-profiling tactics whatsoever. Now, if the cops hassle enough white drivers on the Jersey Turnpike, the "disproportionate scrutiny" of black drivers evaporates: ergo, no more "racial profiling." If Mineta has his way, this will become the rule for air travel: A 70-year-old nun traveling alone will receive the same scrutiny as a 20-

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year-old Arab man, despite the inconvenient fact that roughly 100 percent of the 9/11 terrorists were Arab men. No doubt law-enforcement officers have other ways of weeding out the nuns from, say, young Saudis paying for one-way tickets in cash; but there does seem to be a deliberate policy to dilute the pool of racially profiled travelers into a larger ocean of inconvenienced passengers.

While the airports are still scrambling to put more reliable and clear-headed security measures into place, it makes sense to keep passengers and employees on their toes. But once those measures click into place—including, one hopes, a little racial profiling so that more mature women like my mom don't get groped—much of the silliness we see at the security gate will have to go.

What kind of silliness? The kind that, for example, urges passengers to lie. At a Delta counter in Raleigh-Durham, a very nice lady asked me: "Has your bag been under your control at all times?" This pro forma question is supposed to elicit, true or not, the answer "Yes." "Well, actually, no," I told her. "I left it at a restaurant at the mall for about a half-hour and had to go back and get it." She looked at me as if I'd told her there was a small child in my bag and I hadn't bothered to cut air holes in it. She then looked at the staggeringly long line of impatient passengers behind me and asked if I examined the bag thoroughly. I said, "Well, nothing's missing." She replied, that's not really the concern; did anybody *add* anything to the bag? "Um, I don't think so," I said. She then explained that if I was uncomfortable or unsure they could search the bag for me. Wondering why my comfort or confidence level was the issue, I told her it's okay, I'm pretty sure there's nothing bad in my bag (besides, I didn't want *her* to discover my cache of manicuring weapons before I could test the security counter).

Of course, if I had been a real terrorist, I could truthfully have said, "Yes, my bag has been under my control at all times," and simply left out the tidbit about having a huge honking bomb in it. And a normal passenger, even if he'd left his bag at the bell stand at his hotel while he had breakfast, would, of course, lie when asked the same question. This whole charade does absolutely nothing to ensure actual security, and—because it has become a permanent fixture of the comedy of everyday life—it actually undermines it.

So if you look at the current bout of security St. Vitus's dance as a temporary fever, useful for sweating the malaise out of the system, it becomes tolerable; but if searching my pants becomes a regular part of air travel, they'd better at least buy some rubber gloves. **NR**

A Nation That Believes

America without religion is not America

MICHAEL NOVAK

THIS is always the season of the year for reflection on new beginnings, but the horrible deaths of September 11 have added to this year's thoughts a special urgency: If terrorists are going to kill us just because we are Americans, we might as well *be* Americans, and inquire more deeply into what being American means.

One thing being American means is believing, more than people from most other nations do, that there should be a close relation between reason and faith. As the sociologist Peter Berger puts it, America is the most religious of the developed nations, despite its elites. America, he says, has a people more

Mr. Novak holds the Jewett chair at the American Enterprise Institute. His latest book is *On Two Wings: Humble Faith and Common Sense at the American Founding* (Encounter).

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religious than any other except maybe the Poles or the Indians, while being publicly led by an elite as irreligious as the Swedes.

Some members of the American elite cannot tell you where some of their most important beliefs come from, since they are in denial: They reject the basic truth that our nation originated in Jewish and Christian faith. Many years ago, the John Birch Society coloring book was said to portray the American eagle without a left wing; the coloring book used by our elites today also shows the American eagle with only one wing. Reason flaps alone, faith has been clipped away—and, as a result, the bird won't fly.

Historical evidence shows quite clearly that, for our founders, common sense and humble faith taught complementary lessons about truth and liberty. For them, Jerusalem and Athens—and Cicero's Rome—spoke in harmony on these issues, and reinforced the same points. Faith itself inspired the founding of universities, the presenting of argument and evidence, and the Jewish and Christian ideal of the man of reason and common sense. Meanwhile, common sense and reason, contemplating the sorry record of human experience (as do many passages of The Federalist), pay homage to the "indispensable" role of religion in preparing the common run of men for self-government. Our founders knew that faith ignites new awakenings and fosters new births of struggle and reformation.

■

Barbarians club one another. Civilized people converse, trying to persuade one another through argument and mutual respect. This is truth's superiority to power.

■

Not quite a century after this nation's founding, for example, the "Battle Hymn of the Republic" reached back into Jerusalem for one of our nation's deepest roots, and proclaimed resoundingly:

His truth is marching on!

This was a truth Thomas Jefferson grasped, but could not make effective in his own life: "The God who gave us life, gave us liberty at the same time." God, that is, made all men free; slavery is an affront to the dignity with which their Creator endowed them. Foreseeing the bloody price that would be paid for slavery, Jefferson wrote: "I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just."

As He died to make men holy,
Let us die to make men free. . . .
His truth is marching on!

The founders of the United States held some truths to be self-evident, and cited often the words of St. John: "The truth shall make you free." In recent decades, by contrast, many have given up their roots in Jerusalem. They no longer believe in truth, or that it is truth that makes men free. They believe that relativism is essential for freedom. At least, that is what they say they believe; but the idea itself is absurd, and it is clear that they do not really believe it. They do not accord equal truth-value to the opinions of religious fundamentalists and their own. All such persons abhor and oppose religious fundamentalists, and some of them (Michael Lind and Andrew Sullivan, for instance) scathingly equate Jerry Falwell's views with those of Osama bin Laden. They tout their own moral superiority, and credit secularism with all that is good in Western civilization.

Anyone who argues holds implicitly that argument under rules of evidence is a norm for reasonable men. Such a man commits himself to something more than vulgar relativism; he holds that truth matters, inasmuch as the proposition for which there is superior evidence is more worthy of belief. By this method, Aristotle and Plato showed the Sophists and relativists of their day that they were talking nonsense.

RATIONALITY GROUNDED IN THE DIVINE

This is why our nation's second president, John Adams, held that the Hebrews, by introducing the idea of a transcendent Creator who deliberately created all things and "saw that they were good," did more than any other people to establish the possibility of civilization. No human being may be in possession of the rationality behind all things, but the confidence that there is such a rationality requires each inquirer to listen sharply to evidence that sorts out what is true from what is false. It also requires him to respect the rationality of all other inquirers, who may be in possession of evidence he himself lacks.

The belief that there is ultimate truth in all things (to be approached, step by step, through the examination of evidence) makes possible rational argument among those who disagree. That possibility, in turn, makes civilization possible. Barbarians, contemptuous of evidence and believing only in power, club one another. Civilized people converse, trying to persuade one another through argument and mutual respect. This is truth's superiority to power. The very possibility of government by the consent of the governed depends on it.

That is one way in which truth makes men free. So strongly did Adams believe that homage should accordingly be paid the Hebrews, that he affirmed he would pay such homage even if he were an atheist. But there are also other ways in which truth makes us free. For what Jerusalem added to the vision of truth reached by the Greeks and the Romans is that truth is not solely a quality of propositions, or the result of a weighing of evidence, but also a proper name, a preferred name for the Creator. From His intelligence springs the rationality found in all things. All things (and all events) may be understood as "speaking" of Him.

This step is no doubt a bridge too far for those who prefer the tidier, smaller world of Athens and Cicero's Rome. Nonetheless, this nation's Declaration of Independence speaks of "Nature's God" also as Creator, Supreme Judge of the rectitude of consciences, and Providence. It should be obvious that no man comes close to being master of such a God, but on the contrary can be only a very fragile, limited, and self-consciously inadequate subject. In that respect, no man can claim to possess the Truth but, rather, is held under judgment by it. No one of us sees things in all their wholeness and infinite range, but only in part and rather darkly. We are painfully aware of our own mistakes and changes of mind, as we learn

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more and inquire more. Knowledge of our own ignorance is not uncommon among us.

In short, while relativists seem to claim all capacity for humility and tolerance for themselves, it seems rather obvious that those in awe of Truth, the splendor of their Creator and undeceivable Judge, also have reason for humility and tolerance. Quite aware of their own errors, they have reason to know that others, especially their adversaries, may see parts of the truth that they do not see. Many institutional advances in politics, economics, and human rights have been accomplished by unbelievers, even by those calling themselves relativists, rather than by believers. (The Bible suggests that believers are often humbled in this way.)

But what we seek—all of us—is truth, because "the truth shall make you free." For Jews and Christians, this phrase has meaning on three levels. The first meaning is that fidelity to the Light that infuses all things, the intelligibility that springs from the mind of God, has a practical payoff. Fidelity to the light of evidence in things is the only way to avoid being ensnared by power, money, influence, and other seductions that would turn one's eyes away from the truth. One might not know in any particular matter what is true, just, or right, but one does wish to avoid being swayed by improper partiality.

The second meaning is a set of practical operational maxims: Be of steady and sober judgment. Develop habits that strengthen your ability to perceive keenly, deliberate wisely, and judge in a manner that hits the bull's-eye more often than not. The freedom of action of people without such habits is much diminished.

The third meaning draws the broader conclusion implicit in the first two: that if one is to be ruled by evidence, instead of meandering to no result, then one must deploy all the habits and dispositions necessary for acting with self-mastery, rather than being governed by fickle passions and passing whims. To be free does not mean to blow like a weathervane, but to turn like a rudder—with deliberation and forethought, a goal in mind.

My daughters' cats (if I may tell a parable to exemplify the point) seem to roll about freely and frolic as they desire, but they are not free; they cannot do other than follow the law of their own nature. They do not *act* (invent a new future, choose a new way of life); rather, they *behave*, as cats have done for some five thousand years, since one of them posed for the Sphinx. By contrast, our children had to learn to master their own far more complex natures, in which instincts under one law were at war with instincts under another, and they had to learn the art of self-government from within a maelstrom of anarchy. Merely behaving was not an option for them; they had to learn to invent their own selves, within certain genetic and environmental limits, and thus to become agents of their own destiny. To keep their minds open to the Light was their best path toward becoming free men and women.

RELIGION THE SOURCE OF LIBERTY

A liberating concept of truth is not Jerusalem's only gift to the future progress of humankind; another is the imperative to care for the widow and the orphan, that is, for the needy and vulnerable. Richard Rorty calls this imperative "solidarity," Bertrand Russell calls it "compassion," and both have had the intellectual honesty to say that they learned the idea not from other philosophers but from Jesus Christ, whom they regard as they regard other wise persons such as Socrates.

Jerusalem also laid the groundwork for the end of slavery. The Greeks had regarded slavery as natural, not merely in the sense that it was a virtually universal practice (what the strong always do to the weak), but also in the sense that it seemed good and fitting that those with the souls of slaves ought to *be* slaves. Working gradually, like yeast in dough, the teaching of Judaism and Christianity—about the dignity of each man and woman, made in the image of God, and called by name into friendship with the Almighty—revealed the ancient practice for the abomination it was (and eventually gave rise to the "Battle Hymn of the Republic"). Christians, in particular, often failed this teaching; but they are to be judged in the light of the teaching, not the teaching in theirs.

A deeper legacy of faith is religious freedom itself. When

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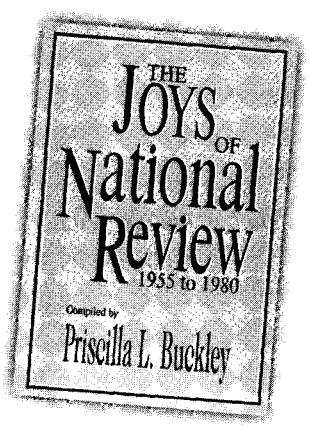

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Thomas Jefferson composed the argument for the Virginia Statute of Religious Liberty, he relied on a purely Jewish and Christian starting point: the sacred space between the Creator and His free creature, a space in which no other agency dares to intrude, since therein alone can be exercised the inalienable liberty of every individual to respond yes or no to the Creator's offer of friendship. It is, Jefferson remarked, a relation prior to civil society.

That there is a Creator, and that He offers human beings His friendship in the recesses of each individual heart (such that neither father nor mother, brother nor sister can stand in for any one of us), and that it is the inalienable responsibility of every person to respond to his Creator in full and perfect liberty—all these are not deliverances of unaided reason. They are not even deliverances of other religions, many of which are quite content with mere external observance (as in Greece and Rome). These ideas express a reasoning whose eyesight is lifted up to a new trajectory by Jewish and Christian faith. The encounter with God in spirit and truth, in the inviolable recesses of the self, is a Jewish and Christian discovery. That is the place where the philosophy of religious liberty was born.

Whether the awful events of September 11 occasion a deep and long-lasting infusion from this nation's spiritual roots depends on how we take hold of the moment. The first moral obligation is to think clearly: We need to end the long bifurcation of reason and faith in the mental habits of recent generations. In the founding generation, those two wings beat very nearly as one, but in generations both before and after there has been a tendency to exalt either reason at the expense of faith, or the reverse. This is a foolish, unnecessary, and destructive mistake. Practical wisdom and common sense are good checks and balances to faith; and faith, with its call to awakening from the natural entropy of natural morals, gives reason second chances.

Further, we need to recognize that the serious partisans of liberty and truth are few; and that we need each other's contributions, faults and all. It was wrong of Jerry Falwell to point the finger at his secular adversaries as if they were responsible for God's "anger" at the United States, and just as wrong of Michael Lind and Andrew Sullivan (and many others) to point their fingers at Jerry Falwell as if he were a soul mate of bin Laden.

It would have been far better if leaders on all sides had looked to their own sins rather than the sins of their adversaries. To be faithful to the demands of liberty and truth, as our forebears understood them and bequeathed them to us, is a heavy enough burden for all of us.

The unity of a free society is not properly that of a herd of cattle, nudged this way and that by "opinion leaders." It is that of independent persons who respect each other's inalienable consciences, and argue unflinchingly about the important matters on which we disagree. One reason we argue is mutual benefit. There is in such argument a kind of friendship; of such friendship republics are made. The city named by our forebears *Philadelphia,* Love of Brothers, was intended to foreshadow something like that. And so, I believe, was the coming of the Word to lowly Bethlehem, over which angels sang—to Him, glory, and peace to all of good will. **NR**

Before You Say No . . .

A correspondence, nonfictional, between a young boy, a housewife, a headmaster, and the young boy's brother

ALOÏSE BUCKLEY HEATH

March 7

Dear Mrs. Heath:

I wish to ask you a great favor. My brother David goes to Cranwell and he says they go easier on brothers, so I might have a chance to get in even though my grades aren't so terribly good. But I need three letters of recommendation and I have one from a priest and one from a nun and my father says he thinks the third one better be from someone who is not a priest or a nun. You are not a priest or a nun but yet you know me intamitely from me having delivered your paper even that bad day right after Christmas when their was no school and the *Times* boy didn't deliver his customers, and from those Catholic Christmas cards you always buy, and from the jack lantern pumpkins I helped you carve three years in a row, and the Easter Eggs, and a lot of other things. (Like the time I picked up John when he broke his arm and taught Priscilla how to ride a two-wheeler.)

Before you say no, I did break the trampoline but I didn't honestly know how heavy I was, because I grew very suddenly and the only reason I was always on the roof was because of my gliders which you said I could get if they were on the roof, and the time you wouldn't let me come in your backyard for three weeks that time, Catholic Word of Honor, John started it and it was not my fault because Scout's Honor, I only gave John the most compleatly gentle kind of tap so he would go home so Georgie Cunningham wouldn't beat him up, because you know how Georgie is when he gets mad. Because John threw a mud ball at him on his bicycle. Not that you were wrong, but that I'm explaning now, because you were so mad then you wouldn't give me a chance to explane, because John got their first and he fed you a lot of garbage. But I still like John, he is a fine young boy, he has been well brought up by his Mother.

But even if sometimes you don't get along with me too well, I always think of you as my "Oldest Friend" so I hope you will do me this great favor of writing me a letter of recommendation.

A piece by the late Aloïse Buckley Heath is an NR Christmas tradition. The book *Will Mrs. Major Go to Hell?,* in which this and other favorites appear, is available from NATIONAL REVIEW.

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Thanking you for your trouble,
Respectfully yours,
PETER BAILEY-GATES

P.S.: Thank you for the pennies of which I already had the 1926 San Francisco mint but I did not have the 1921 Denver. Do you have a 1905 Indian Head, I will pay one nickel, clear profit of four (4)¢?
Respectfully yours,
PETER BAILEY-GATES

March 7

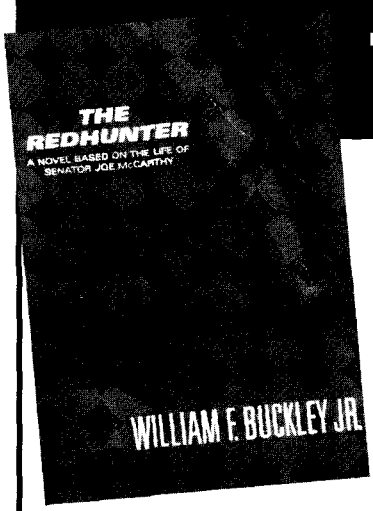
Dear Peter:

I would be glad to write you a letter of recommendation to Cranwell, and I am very flattered that you asked me. Of course, I will have to tell the Truth, the Whole Truth, and Nothing but the Truth, so I hope nobody will be careless enough to allow my letter to fall into the hands of the police. I can't tell you how much I would miss you if you had to spend the next ten years in a reformatory.

Respectably yours,
MRS. H.

P.S.: No, I haven't got a 1905 Indian Head, which saddens me very much, but what saddens me more is the fact that even after three years' acquaintanceship you don't know me well enough to realize that I also know that this particular penny is worth $6! You and your 4¢ profit—hah! I've told you and *told* you about my high IQ. Don't you believe me? However, just to show you I bear no grudge, I will give you my duplicate of the 1911 no mint mark—for free yet!
Respectably yours,
MRS. H.

P.P.S.: Don't worry about my letter. I will bet you one dollar (from me) to one doughnut (from you) that you will get into Cranwell—not because you're such a hot-shot, you understand, but because if I'm crazy enough to like you, your priest and your nun are probably suffering from the same form of insanity. On the other hand, they may know you even better than I do, God help them!
Respectably yours,
MRS. H.



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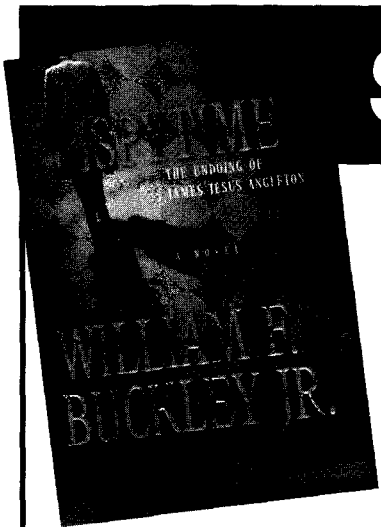

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March 9

To Whom It May Concern:

Peter Bailey-Gates has been in and out of my house almost daily for the past three years—by "almost" I mean those short sentences of exile which I have been unkind enough to impose upon Peter—and in that time I have come to know him very well indeed: as friend, paper boy, fellow penny-collector, and combined decorator, waiter, and entertainer at my younger children's birthday parties.

I have found Peter to be unfailingly good-humored, well-mannered, and considerate—all of which qualities stand him in good stead in his relations with the public, which are many and varied. I am sure that no boy in New England, much less in West Hartford, has been engaged in so many intricate business enterprises as Peter Bailey-Gates. I have bought, hired, subscribed to, invested in, paid and been paid interest on fully a dozen of his ventures in the last three years—not even counting his snow-shoveling, leaf-raking, apple-picking, and garbage-can-toting, for which my own young sons are recruited. Peter's financial sense is, however, no deterrent to his feeling for what is fitting and proper: When he washed the car of the 70-year-old spinster who lives nearby, for instance, he was careful to explain (lest I should find out, I suppose!) that he had refused payment only because she had "no man to make money for her"; again, when he asked me to take an ad in his projected *Colony Road News* and I was so irreverent as to reserve two inches of space for the slogan "HOORAY FOR MRS. HEATH," Peter offered to refund my dollar because he had caused my ad to appear as "COMPLIMENTS OF A FRIEND." I must, however, state categorically that Peter has faithfully and conscientiously fulfilled his share of every and any contract between us, whatever it may have been. (And the fact that one or two of these contracts have been rather clearer to Peter than to me has been indignantly attributed by my own children to my habit of doing jigsaw puzzles, reading, watching television programs, and saying "Uh-hunh" simultaneously, when I should have been *listening.* My husband affirms this judgment.)

Lest my young friend sound barely lower than the angels, I must add that his fertile imagination combined with his 13-year-old's sense of humor has led, on occasion, to my addressing him with words harsh and unkind ("You know perfectly well that when I told you last Tuesday you could climb up on the roof to get your glider, I didn't mean you could buy ten *more* gliders and *aim* them at the—and by the way, I hope you didn't buy them with the lottery money for the bicycle horn—when are you going to *have* that lottery, anyway? I bought those tickets six weeks ago!" And much more). These irrational, if predictable, crises of the adult world leave Peter possibly repentant, probably remorseful, but certainly unruffled. He is more sophisticated today than three years ago, when, at the age of ten, he frequently urged me not to get my liver in a quiver. Today, when Peter and I have what he refers to as "a difference of opinion," he retires with complete equanimity to his own backyard until such time as my ill-humor subsides. My change of mood is apparently picked up by Peter's extrasensory perception within the hour, for whenever I decide that the time has come for forgiving and forgetting, he appears at my front door within 15 minutes, to assure me *he* has forgiven and forgotten. By way of proof (or penance?) he then resumes without rancor his status as our daily visitor.

Needless to say, our friendship is steadfast.

ALOÏSE BUCKLEY HEATH
(Mrs. Benjamin Wild Heath)

March 15

CRANWELL PREPARATORY SCHOOL
Office of the Principal

Mrs. Benjamin Wild Heath
29 Colony Road
West Hartford, Connecticut

Dear Mrs. Heath:

I am very grateful to you for your detailed and colorful description of Peter Bailey-Gates.

Many of Peter's accomplishments can be put to good use at school. Leaf-raking and snow-shoveling are part of the punitive curriculum. Endowed with all the energy which you describe, I am sure that Peter will be an early candidate for demerits.

We will try to keep pace with Peter. What substitute we will have when the occasion arises for Peter to "retire to his own backyard" we will try to figure out during the year.

Sincerely yours,
CHARLES E. BURKE, SJ
(Rev.) Charles E. Burke, SJ
Principal

March 15

Dear Mimi and Dad:

Please excuse the paper, for I'm in study hall, and since something happened tonight, which made me feel pretty proud of my little (little? Ha Ha) brother Peter, I thought I'd tell you about it, unless you already know. This has also changed practically my entire attitude toward Father Burke who has practically never been known to crack a smile in the memory of the oldest graduate.

Not more than five minutes ago, during the break between study-hall hours, Father Burke called me and showed me a letter which Mrs. Heath had written to him about Peter. It described Peter to a tee. All of the letter was praiseworthy about him, and had been written just about Peter and nothing else. Father Burke was astonished and asked me if it was all true, and I told him it was, and he said in that case PETER GETS IN!! . . .

Say hello to the little kids for me please, and tell them "Big Dave" will be home soon.

Love and prayers,
YOUR SON DAVID

March 15

Dear Pete—Boy, does Mrs. Heath sure have your number. Father Burke said he can hardly wait to get you up here to knock it out of you. Love and Kisses.

DAVE

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By Rob Long

The Crisis Advisor

ALL OF YOUR NATION-IN-CRISIS QUESTIONS ANSWERED HERE!

Dear Advisor:

Ever since September 11th, I've been unable to have a conversation—even really, really trivial ones—without beginning it by saying, "Ever since September 11th." Sometimes this works well, as in: "Ever since September 11th, I've been increasingly concerned about the safety of air travel." But other times, it doesn't work so well, as in: "Ever since September 11th, I've been trying to find a weekend to really sit down and organize my tax records." And sometimes, it just comes out all wrong, as in: "Ever since September 11th, I'd like a Quarter-pounder with cheese, fries, and a small Coke—oh, and can I Super-Size that?"

Ever since September 11th, this has really irritated my wife. What do you suggest?

Sincerely,

EVER SINCE SEPTEMBER 11TH, BEEN SLEEPING ON THE COUCH

Dear Ever Since 9/11:

The thing to do here is to get your mind off of the events of September 11th and onto something new, and more personal. Why not throw yourself down a flight of stairs ("Ever since I broke my leg . . .") or start drinking martinis for breakfast ("Ever since I got out of rehab . . .")? There's no limit to your creativity!

Dear Advisor:

Is it just me, or is there something really sexy about a woman in a burqa?

TURNED ON IN TAMPA

Dear Turned:

It's just you.

Dear Advisor:

My kids and I sold brownies, lemonade, old clothes, and everything we could get our hands on to contribute to the fund for the victims of 9/11. We also had a newspaper drive, sold seeds door-to-door, organized a four-block garage sale, held a bike-a-thon and a walk-a-thon, started an email chain letter, began dabbling in international currency futures by betting against the euro, made scented soaps in the basement, started a webpage hosting service, and became artisan cheesemakers. All in all, we raked in about $678,500 in eight weeks. Meanwhile, the total amount in the fund for the victims is almost one billion dollars. We're going to send in our check pretty soon and all, but, I mean, it's like, compared to a billion, our measly 600 grand isn't really going to do much one way or the other. Do you see where I'm going with this?

FOUR KIDS TO PUT THROUGH COLLEGE AND WE NEED A NEW CAR IN SANTA CLARITA

Dear Four Kids:

Yes, I do see where you're going with this. Let's just hope the IRS and the attorney general of your state don't also see where you're going with this.

Dear Advisor:

I've been wearing an American flag lapel pin ever since the Tet Offensive in 1968 and let me tell you, it really just frosts my you-know-what to see the longhairs and the peace freaks and the groovy types I remember from back then wearing them now, even though many of them now work with me at the insurance company here in town and three of them are in my regular Thursday-afternoon foursome at the club. How do I let it be known to one and all that I'm no lapel-pin-come-lately?

NO FAIR-WEATHER PIN HEAD

Dear Fair:

Search the web for a military antique dealer, and purchase an old-style pin with 48 stars. Then you can point to your friends' lapels and scoff.

Dear Advisor:

Okay, like, when the whole thing happened in September and all, and my Culture Studies teacher was all, we have to learn about those other cultures in the Arabian world and whatever, it was, like, cool, because up till then we were studying, like Europe in the olden days and I was all, what does this have to do with me and whatever? So for the past bunch of weeks we've been doing independent projects and all about Arabia and what's going on over there and everything and it's been pretty cool cuz most classes me and Jerry Duncan have been like "Can we please be excused to do research in the library" and the teacher was all, "Yes you can that's really diligent of you" or whatever and so me and Jerry could like cruise behind the practice field and watch the girls' lacrosse team and smoke weed, but now the teacher's all where's your project dudes? And we're all, um, project, Ms. Franklin?

So if we, like, fail Culture Studies, won't it be like the terrorists have won?

ALMOST HOSED IN HINSDALE

Dear Almost:

Reading your letter, it occurs to me that they might already have won. I mean, what on earth is "Culture Studies"?

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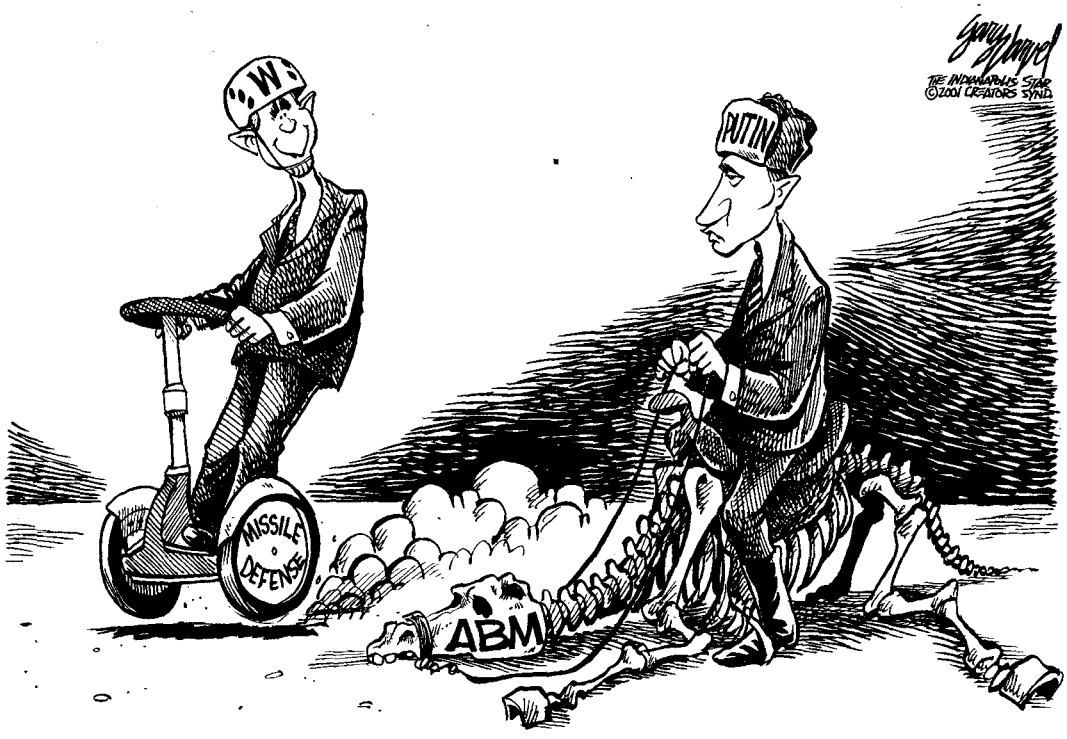
HELP!!!!



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"Welfare may not be perfect, but I've found that it consistently outperforms the market."

Daschle's Guilty Pleasure

Tom doesn't dream of sugarplums
Or reindeer on the roof,
But, rather, Santa's workshop in
A monumental goof
That discombobulates the elves
And leaves (ho-ho) the sleigh
So empty, Mr. Bush's polls,
Like Donner, dash away.

—W. H. von Dreele

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BOOKS, ARTS & MANNERS

Attacking the Shield

RICHARD LOWRY

Hit to Kill: The New Battle over Shielding America from Missile Attack, by Bradley Graham (Public Affairs, 430 pp., $27.50)

THIS book is what they call a "notebook dump," although it's an impressive and informative one. *Washington Post* reporter Bradley Graham has tracked down the most intimate details of the Clinton administration's deliberations on missile defense, and regales us with what seems to be every interoffice memo, every harsh word over a conference table, every bit of intramural diplomacy—all of which ultimately led to nothing.

It's not Graham's fault that his book ended up being about how an administration that really, deep down, didn't want to do anything about missile defense, didn't do anything about missile defense. As much as anything, then, it becomes—although Graham is by no means a Clinton critic—a devastating portrait of Clinton-administration passive-aggression, evasion, and bad faith.

There is one lesson that clearly emerges from all the Clinton maneuvering and agonizing over missile defense: the irrationality of the ABM Treaty. The treaty constantly forces the administration's plans on missile defense into the least sensible and least intuitive forms, until its strategic thinking has become a kind of cargo cult devoted to a document that Nixon and Brezhnev dropped from the sky in 1972.

As Graham recounts, the notion of missile defense is as old as the V-2 rocket, a weapon that prompted the American military to recommend developing a missile-defense system as early as 1945. The

Bill Clinton by Roman Genn

possibility of being attacked by a missile naturally leads to the idea of defending against such an attack. It took Robert McNamara, the source of so many intellectual mistakes, to defy this line of reasoning in the 1960s. McNamara argued that each side in the Cold War only needed the ability to destroy a sizable amount of the other side's population and industry ("assured destruction") to guarantee peace ("mutual deterrence").

Put the two ideas together and you get MAD, mutually assured destruction. It was this doctrine, more than the Russians, that drove the push toward the ABM Treaty. Soviet premier Aleksei Kosygin told McNamara once, "When I have trouble sleeping nights, it's because of your offensive missiles, not your defensive missiles."

It would take decades to return to this common sense, with a lot of action starting in the mid 1990s. Graham has an excellent inside look at Don Rumsfeld's work on a congressionally mandated commission to determine the nature of the "rogue" missile threat. Early on, the commission was getting stiffed by the CIA; commission members confronted director George Tenet in person about it, and he quickly relented. "If there was a single moment in the late 1990s when events began to turn in favor of those advocating a national missile defense," Graham writes, "this was it."

Rumsfeld & Co. began to get the goods. They had some debunking to do. In 1995, just as pro-missile-defense Republicans were taking over Congress, the National Intelligence Estimate—the collective work of all the nation's intelligence agencies—had reported that no rogue nation would "develop or otherwise acquire a ballistic missile in the next 15 years that could threaten the contiguous 48 states and Canada." (Small comfort for residents of Hawaii and Alaska.) This was convenient for the Clinton administration, which could tell Republicans there was consequently no urgent need for a defense. But only two years earlier, the NIE had said that no projections could be made reliably beyond ten years. Curious, huh?

The Rumsfeld commission found the intelligence community bumbling and excessively cautious. U.S. intelligence often lagged *years* behind events. The commission's 1998 report concluded that states like North Korea or Iran could—with little or no warning—develop within five years missiles capable of hitting the U.S. The report, coupled with a law passed by Congress that made it U.S. policy to deploy a missile-defense system "as soon as technologically possible" (the inspiration of an aggressive GOP Senate staffer named Mitch Kugler), put the political squeeze on the Clinton administration.

Back in the 1960s, when President Johnson was being urged by the Joint Chiefs to build a missile defense, McNamara wanted instead to "seek funds for long-lead items on missile defense but delay a deployment decision while querying the Soviets about negotiations to limit such systems." In a sign that there is almost nothing new under the Washington sun, the Clinton administration's

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playbook 30 years later could have been written by McNamara. At first, the administration adopted, under pressure from the Dole campaign, a plan possibly to deploy by 2003; then that slipped, and under congressional pressure, it adopted another plan possibly to deploy by 2005.

Clinton officials worked late nights trying to find clever ways to plan their system around the ABM Treaty. The treaty allowed each side only one limited missile-defense site; the American site is currently located in North Dakota. So a Clinton NSC staffer worked to find a way to defend all the nation from the North Dakota facility. When this proved impossible, the administration settled on an Alaska site that would supposedly provide national coverage from a North Korean attack (although not necessarily one from the Middle East). But there was an even more fundamental problem with the treaty: It strictly forbade any nationwide defense.

Oops. Even when it became clear that the treaty would have to be changed, the administration still designed a system with the treaty in mind. It wanted to violate and preserve it all at once. Since the treaty banned sea-, air-, and space-based interceptors, these were written off. Since the treaty allowed only 100 interceptors at the North Dakota site, the administration planned for just 100 interceptors at the Alaska site. Alaska could therefore probably defend against only 20 "simple" warheads with unsophisticated decoys.

This rudimentary defensive system would need to be updated almost immediately to deal with more sophisticated emerging threats. But the administration wanted to get the Russians to agree first to the limited system (and would even have been willing to bargain away U.S. offensive missiles to win that Soviet concession), and *then* go back to the Russians later to get them to agree to even more profound ABM Treaty changes. In other words, the administration wanted to "pull the Band-Aid off slowly," as the saying goes. The Russians wouldn't even go along with the first change, let alone the second.

The administration had trouble negotiating with the Russians because it was always negotiating with itself. Madeleine Albright said of a December 1998 administration meeting that endorsed exploring missile defense, "I remember that meeting very well, because I looked around the table, and here was the cast of characters who had all been the ones saying that Star Wars was crazy." It showed. At one point, former Clinton defense officials William Perry and John Deutch publicly attacked the administration's missile-defense plans—at the urging of senior presidential advisers.

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Despite all the hand-wringing, Clinton's final call on SDI was never in much doubt.

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The Russians must have been amused at it all. At one meeting, Clinton warned Putin, "Don't make the mistake of thinking that [the administration's new interest in missile defense] is just about current politics or me protecting Al Gore." Putin was, rightly, unconvinced. When he called Clinton two days after one missile-defense-test failure, Putin poked fun at Clinton's ambivalence, saying, "I don't know whether to congratulate you or commiserate with you." Clinton ignored the comment. When Sandy Berger warned Putin that if Bush, or even Gore, were elected it would be worse for the Russians, Putin smiled and commented wryly, "You're a dangerous man."

When Clinton finally had to decide whether to go ahead and build, the administration's dangerous men struggled with the question of when exactly in the construction process an Alaskan site would violate the treaty. Lawyers wondered: Would laying the initial slab of concrete violate the treaty? Or would laying a slab on top of that initial slab? Or could the administration go so far as to build a tall concrete base? In the end, one defense official suggested that Clinton just authorize the Army Corps of Engineers to buy gravel and concrete for the site, but Clinton eventually decided that even this was going too far.

Despite all the hand-wringing, Clinton's final call was never in much doubt. Clinton gave a speech in September 2000 deferring plans to build a system. Strobe Talbott and Berger had begun drafting it in June. But the speech made an important political and intellectual concession: "Because the emerging missile threat is real," Clinton said, "we have an obligation to pursue a missile-defense system that could enhance our security." Ultimately, Clinton and his advisers recognized the changed international environment—and knew that ignoring it could create a grave political vulnerability—but were too attached to the ABM Treaty to do anything about it.

President Bush, as we now know, had no such problem: He has declared the U.S. out of the treaty by June 2002. Bradley Graham's detailed and valuable account of the Clinton administration's ABM Treaty-induced wheel-spinning makes Bush's decision simply to build a defense—and draw down U.S. offensive missiles—seem so much easier, and wiser. In May, before Bush was about to give a speech at the National Defense University outlining his international vision, he said to a few close aides, "Well, let's go transform the world." Bush now will be able to do it, and leave all the arms-control lawyers behind. **NR**

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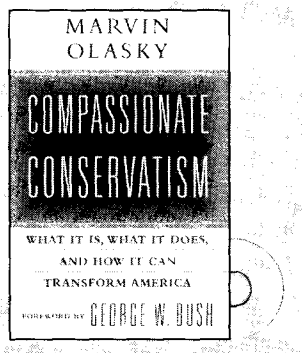

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Savior of the West

DANIEL J. MAHONEY

Churchill: A Study in Greatness, by Geoffrey Best (Hambledon, 384 pp., $29.95)

In his remarkable essay "Winston Churchill in 1940," originally published in *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1949, Isaiah Berlin paid tribute to Churchill's greatness. In Berlin's judgment, Churchill was "the largest human being of our time," a "gigantic historical figure" whose "work and person will remain the object of scrutiny and judgment to many generations." This has always been the popular view of Churchill, and remains so especially in the United States, where he is admired by all those still capable of admiration. But Berlin's judgment was not—and still is not—shared by all of the experts. Berlin records that many of Churchill's contemporaries took pleasure in dismissing him as an anachronism. They mocked what they saw as his hollow-sounding rhetoric and his "reactionary" preoccupation with politics and war.

But it was precisely Churchill's old-fashioned engagement with the dramatic aspects of human history that allowed him to articulate perfectly what was at stake in the great conflict between National Socialism and what he did not hesitate to call "liberal and Christian civilization." Churchill's magnificent speeches during the Battle of Britain reminded the beleaguered citizens of Great Britain that they were fighting for enduring principles, and allowed them to rise above their mortal selves. In 1940, Churchill and the British people were more than an imperiled tribe defending their island outpost; they revealed to all with eyes to see the nobility of heroic human resistance to tyranny. As prime minister, wrote Berlin, Churchill "was able to impose his imagination and his will upon his countrymen, and enjoy a Periclean reign, precisely because he appeared to be larger and nobler than life and lifted them to an abnormal height in a moment of crisis."

Berlin's essay is a powerful expression of the sentiments common among those who lived during the age of Churchill. But most young people growing up in what Geoffrey Best calls "demilitarized" societies have an extremely difficult time connecting with Churchill's "virtues and victories." And they are not aided by contemporary historians who too often shun political and military history as elitist and are filled with egalitarian resentment against the very category of human greatness. These critics of traditional political history dogmatically deny that "great men" can shape the course of history.

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This is the best first book to read about Churchill.

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Seen in this larger context, Best's splendid new book on Churchill is remarkably countercultural. In the most decisive respects, he picks up where Berlin left off a half-century ago. A distinguished British academic historian who lived through the Battle of Britain as a youth, Best sets out to vindicate the "naive" notion that Churchill was the greatest human being of the age; his approach to history seeks to clarify commonsense judgment, rather than to subvert it in the fashionable academic manner.

Best is rightly convinced that we are much "diminished" if we can no longer appreciate the virtues of a man such as Churchill, and is profoundly aware of the obstacles to such an appreciation. Churchill was an eminently civilized man: a parliamentarian, statesman, writer, painter, and warrior; he therefore appreciated better than we do today that the civic and martial virtues are essential to a well-rounded existence as well as to the health and survival of the democracies. Churchill loved adventure and thrived when standing up to adversity. He was a loving husband and father, and was blessed, in Clementine Churchill, with an unusually devoted and intelligent wife; but he could never be satisfied with a quiet middle-class existence. As a result, he was plagued all his life by accusations that he was a "warmonger." Best does a good job of showing just how far off the mark these charges are; but it must be admitted that Churchill's virtues were not particularly democratic ones.

And we would do well to reflect on that. In an unheroic age, where statesmanship has been replaced by the banalities of administration, it is all too tempting to dismiss Churchill; but that would be a terrible misjudgment. Smug and self-satisfied in our modernity, we still need to reflect on what it means to be whole human beings. And as long as civilization confronts determined, hateful enemies, Churchill will remain our contemporary.

Best has avoided the pernicious tendency of biographers to pile on detail after detail; he never loses track of the big picture or the purpose of his book. As a result, this is the best first book to read about Churchill—preferable in this respect to the indispensable biographical tomes of Sir Martin Gilbert and to the intelligent if less reliable new biography by Roy Jenkins. Best's greatest strength lies in his intransigent rejection of academic fashion: He is not embarrassed to talk about politics or war and never simply reduces Churchill to his "social context." Of course, there is some truth to the widespread characterizations of Churchill as a "Victorian Liberal imperialist" or "Edwardian humanitarian"; but only some truth. What is most striking about Churchill, as Best well observes, is his utter singularity. He alone of his generation had a sense of his "star" or destiny. He was distinctive both in his dramatic and imaginative sense of history, and in his unsurpassed rhetorical abilities. He was equally prepared to function and

Mr. Mahoney teaches political science at Assumption College in Worcester, Mass. He has written extensively on Churchill and de Gaulle. His most recent book is *Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn: The Ascent from Ideology*.

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flourish as a man of peace and a man of war; he combined humanity and wit with an unparalleled capacity for solemn utterance. This man of action also wrote engrossing and intelligent works of history and political analysis. In 1953, he was even awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. This kind of greatness is irreducible; it cannot be found in some elusive social "context."

Best's book is not without its flaws: Like most contemporary academics, he seems to think that ambition is, in and of itself, a moral failing. He laments the fact that Churchill's literary works—for example, his *History of the English-Speaking Peoples*—are not written in the spirit of academic history; but that is precisely their great charm and merit. And while appreciating Churchill's lucidity about the evil of Communism, he inexplicably shares the widespread view that Churchill was somehow "obsessed" because he wished to "strangle Bolshevism in its crib" after the 1917 revolution. In reality, it is hard to quarrel with the wisdom of Churchill's 1949 observation that the failure to have done so would lie heavily on the democracies.

But despite these not inconsiderable defects, Best's book gets the big picture right: In 1940, Churchill's noble rhetoric, with some help from the RAF, sustained the cause of Western liberty when Britain stood alone against the Nazi juggernaut. Over the next five years, he ably directed Britain's military effort in his role as "democratic warlord." In 1946, at Fulton, Missouri, he warned a tired and complacent America about the threat to liberal values and world peace posed by an aggressive Communist tyranny in charge of the destiny of half of Europe. And at Zurich in September 1946, Churchill had the foresight to promote Franco-German reconciliation as the first step in the creation of a "United States of Europe" (a Europe of which he wished Britain to be a peripheral member). These remarkable successes in the twilight of his life were made possible by a lifetime of action and reflection that prepared him for participation in a monumental drama. That life still inspires, because—despite its limitations—it embodied genuine human greatness. **NR**

The Truth Beyond Memory

JOHN J. MILLER

PROFESSOR J. R. R. Tolkien was grading papers on a summer day in 1928 when he came upon a blank page in an exam book. Something inspired him to scribble a few words: "In a hole in the ground there lived a hobbit." The whole thing might have ended there, but it was only a beginning. "Names always generate a story in my mind," he explained later. "Eventually I thought I'd better find out what hobbits were like."

By now, millions of readers know what hobbits are like. They're the short, rustic, and unlikely heroes of the 20th century's best-loved book, *The Lord of the Rings*, as well as *The Hobbit*, a preceding story written mainly for children. They're about to become even more familiar: New Line Cinema has just released *The Fellowship of the Ring*, the first of an expensive trilogy of movies based on Tolkien's masterpiece. Before long, there probably won't be anybody left who doesn't have an inkling of what hobbits are like.

This will annoy certain people. If Tolkien has an army of fawning admirers, he also has a legion of fierce detractors. When readers chose *The Lord of the Rings* as "the greatest book of the century" in a 1997 poll by the British bookseller Waterstone's, the reaction from the critical class was quick and harsh. "Horrifying," gasped the *Times Literary Supplement*. "Novels don't come more fictional than that," sneered Germaine Greer. "The books that come from Tolkien's train are more or less what you would expect; flight from reality is their dominating characteristic."

If the new film version of *The Lord of the Rings* is seen as a flight from reality, then it has impeccable timing; after September 11, retreating into a fantasy realm of wizards and ringwraiths sounds like a welcome diversion. The movie does fulfill its simple promise of entertainment. Yet the book on which it is based offers the opposite of escapism. It speaks directly to some of the most fundamental concerns of this world: the nature of evil, the lure of power, and the duty of courage. In other words, it considers questions that definitely have *not* preoccupied the cultural elite for more than a generation.

At bottom, *The Lord of the Rings* is a deeply conservative book—a fact that may explain the hostility it faces from some quarters. Tolkien is often credited with the radical act of inventing the sword-and-sorcery epic, a genre of literature filed alongside science fiction in the bookstores. Surely he has many imitators; but he viewed himself in an altogether different light, as the heir to a grand tradition rather than the author of a new one. He called his Middle Earth a "sub-creation," partly in deference to the real Creator (Tolkien was a devout Catholic) but also because he owed so much to writers who lived centuries before him.

Knowing and understanding these writers was his day job as an Oxford University philologist—that is, an expert on the historical forms of lan-

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guage and literature. If Tolkien had never attempted fiction, he would still be remembered for his impressive scholarship: He penned what is perhaps the most influential essay ever written about *Beowulf*; many of the students enrolled in medieval-English-lit courses probably have encountered his popular translation of *Sir Gawain and the Green Knight*. Tolkien was a giant in his academic field, and left a mark that remains there today.

For Tolkien, though, the old stories were more than texts to analyze; they were a vital source of personal inspiration. Characters and events in *The Lord of the Rings* often echo the half-forgotten poems of the Anglo-Saxons, the Vikings, and their kin. There is hardly a proper noun in Tolkien's oeuvre that doesn't derive in some fashion from the ancient manuscripts of northern Europe. In *The Lord of the Rings*, for instance, Gandalf is the name of a good and great wizard; in the 13th-century Norse epic known as the *Elder Edda*, it is the name of a dwarf. Tolkien borrowed it to indulge his philologist's love of words, and also to lend linguistic authenticity to his project.

Tolkien intended to create an imaginary world that was fundamentally real, or at least potentially real. He did not want readers merely to suspend their disbelief in hobbits and elves; he wanted them to believe in their possibility. He devised whole languages and elaborate histories of Middle Earth long before he started writing the stories that would make use of them—they filled reams of notebooks that have been published posthumously as *The Silmarillion* and several other tomes. In the end, Middle Earth became a place that was so real to him that he compared actual places to it, rather than the other way around. (Venice, he once wrote, was "like a dream of Old Gondor.")

■

The Lord of the Rings contains foreshadowings of Christian truth.

■

For the rest of us, of course, detailed accounts of wars between dwarves and orcs don't exactly enhance Middle Earth's realism. Yet Middle Earth is emphatically not another planet—it is our own world in a much earlier age. We have no specific knowledge of the era because it is so remote from us in time, though hints of it have seeped into our cultural memory through fairy tales and nursery rhymes. As a narrator in the movie puts it, "History became legend, legend became myth." In the book, Gandalf provides a fuller explanation when one of his companions asks about an odd creature they've met. "Is it so long since you listened to tales by a fireside? There are children in your land who, out of the twisted threads of story, could pick the answer to your question," says Gandalf. "Songs we have that tell of these things, but we are forgetting them, teaching them only to children, as careless custom."

Take the word "orc," the name given to a nasty race of goblin-like monsters. It appears in *Beowulf* as "orc-neas." Rendered into modern English from *Beowulf*'s Old English (a language almost as foreign to our ears as German), it means something like "demon-corpse," or perhaps "zombie." But the truth is that even scholars of Tolkien's caliber aren't sure of its precise definition or etymology—leaving open the delightful idea that there's far more to its meaning and background than what is dreamt of in our philosophy.

One of the most famous questions scholars have asked about *Beowulf* is whether it's a Christian poem; it seems to have been written by a Christian, but it deals with a pagan society. Likewise, there is no mention of God or even religion in Middle Earth. Yet Tolkien considered the book a reflection of his own faith. "*The Lord of the Rings* is of course a fundamentally religious and Catholic work; unconsciously so at first, but consciously in the revision," wrote Tolkien in 1953. "The religious element is absorbed into the story and the symbolism." There are many examples of this, though readers frequently overlook them. A close examination of the appendices (there are six, plus indexes and maps) reveals a detail that goes unmentioned in the main narrative: The nine companions who comprise "the fellowship of the ring" begin their fateful mission on December 25 (Christmas), and their story climaxes exactly three months later, on March 25 (in the traditional English calendar, the date of the Fall of Man, the Annunciation, and the Crucifixion). Too much can be read into all this—Tolkien insisted that his book was not an allegory—but it does carry at least a limited meaning. Tom Shippey,

ALONE

I never thought Michiko would come back
after she died. But if she did, I knew
it would be as a lady in a long white dress.
It is strange that she has returned
as somebody's dalmatian. I meet
the man walking her on a leash
almost every week. He says good morning
and I stoop down to calm her. He said
once that she was never like that with
other people. Sometimes she is tethered
on their lawn when I go by. If nobody
is around, I sit on the grass. When she
finally quiets, she puts her head in my lap
and we watch each other's eyes as I whisper
in her soft ears. She cares nothing about
the mystery. She likes it best when
I touch her head and tell her small
things about my days and our friends.
That makes her happy the way it always did.

—JACK GILBERT

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Tolkien's finest interpreter, calls it "a kind of signature, a personal mark of piety."

The Lord of the Rings, then, is not an explicitly Christian work, but it is entirely consistent with Christianity. This is an essential element for Tolkien. As Joseph Pearce points out in his literary biography of Tolkien, "[his] Catholicism was not an opinion to which one subscribed but a reality to which one submitted." There is nothing in what he wrote that contradicts Christian belief. Middle Earth is un-Christian only in the sense that everything coming before Christ is un-Christian.

Tolkien does more than strive to avoid contradiction, however; he filled *The Lord of the Rings* with patchy foreshadowings of a Christian truth that had not yet revealed itself in fullness. Early on, when Frodo says he wishes someone would kill Gollum, a pitiful beast who haunts Tolkien's heroes, Gandalf objects. "Do not be too eager to deal out death in judgment. For even the very wise cannot see all ends. I have not much hope that Gollum can be cured before he dies, but there is a chance of it," he says. "My heart tells me that he has some part to play yet, for good or ill, before the end." Indeed Gollum does, and he contributes to a medley of themes about knowledge, salvation, and eternity.

The Lord of the Rings may be read and enjoyed without reference to any theology whatsoever; it is a wonderful and well-told story. The movie is more or less faithful to it, but only gestures toward the deeper questions. It succeeds mainly as an exciting tale. Yet a full appreciation of Tolkien's accomplishment requires some sense of what lies behind the book.

The proclamation of any novel as the greatest of the 20th century is as much a burden as an accolade; it sets up the book for all kinds of sniping, lots of it undeserved. Yet it is impossible to deny the extraordinary fondness millions of ordinary readers have shown for *The Lord of the Rings* over the last five decades, and very difficult to disagree with the simple judgment of W. H. Auden: "If someone dislikes it, I shall never trust their literary judgment about anything again." **NR**

The Press's True Colors

JOHN CORRY

Coloring the News: How Crusading for Diversity Has Corrupted American Journalism, by William McGowan (Encounter, 250 pp., $25.95)

LIBERAL delicacy has its moments. Kings County Hospital in Brooklyn, N.Y., once paid the Most Reverend Prophet Alpha Omega Bondu $12,000 in state funds to drive the evil spirits from a Haitian psychiatric patient who had hacked his girlfriend to death. The Rev said the patient was afflicted by seven evil spirits, and that he had chased away four. Alert to cultural sensibilities, however, the *New York Times* declined to call this an exorcism; it reported that the $12,000 had been spent on "religious counseling."

As an example of journalistic malfeasance, that may not be much; by *Times* standards it's nothing at all. But it does hint at the problem: Whole groups and classes of supposedly oppressed people—voodoo priests among them—must be presented sympathetically in news coverage. Few in our major news organizations admit this, however, and even if they acknowledge the existence of P.C. journalism, they seem to believe it is practiced only by others. In fact, however, virtually everyone obeys the rules of the dominant P.C. culture, and makes news judgments accordingly. A dissenting judgment will be dismissed automatically as uninformed or wrongheaded, but it may also be denounced as a sign of racism, misogyny, or homophobia.

In *Coloring the News*, William McGowan offers a unifying theory for how this all came about: The campaign to increase newsroom diversity did it. Even if the effort was well intentioned, he says, it has had a disastrous effect on the news, especially on what might be called "diversity issues": race, gay rights, feminism, and affirmative action. It has fostered identity politics, newsroom bitterness, and a suspension of critical faculties by news organizations.

"In theory," McGowan says, "diversity is supposed to be a matter of reporters from all different ethnicities, races, genders, and sexual orientations doing their work as searchingly as possible on a wide variety of subjects, and functioning as a sort of equivalent of a representative democracy. But in practice, the regime that diversity has created does not work like this. Certain unfashionable or disfavored voices are overlooked or muted . . . and certain groups feel more empowered in the journalistic shouting match than others." Diversity measured only by skin color, gender, or sexual preference is cosmetic and superficial, and more likely to impede than stimulate the free flow of ideas.

In survey after survey, reporters and correspondents at our major news organizations overwhelmingly have identified themselves as liberal Democrats; but they insist (and seem actually to believe) that they never allow their politics to get in the way of their stories. McGowan casts serious doubt on these liberal disclaimers. He has examined the coverage of hot cultural issues, and found it thoroughly distorted and biased. The *Los Angeles Times*, for example, minimized any serious discussion of California's Proposition 209, which banned racial preferences, and treated it instead as an attempt to curb civil rights and as an expression of anger by white male voters. Even after Prop. 209 passed, with the support of a significant number of minority voters, the *Times* continued to attack it.

The coverage of California's Proposition 227, which restricted bilingual education, was similar. Rather than examine the obvious flaws in bilingual-education programs, the *L. A. Times* and virtually every other news organization treated Prop. 227 as a nativist plot to extinguish Latino culture. The story line barely changed even after 227 passed,

Mr. Corry is a veteran of the *New York Times*. His memoir is *My Times: Adventures in the News Trade*.

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with the support of many Latino voters.

The reason for this bias is quite obvious: The press is fearful of antagonizing minorities, and therefore averts its eyes from facts that might embarrass them. The *New York Times*, for example, has never been able to admit that open admissions have been a disaster for the once proud City College; *Times* columnist Bob Herbert even said that a proposal by Mayor Rudolph Giuliani to scale back remedial-reading programs at the college was similar to "ethnic cleansing." And the *Washington Post* hesitated for years to publish critical pieces about the disastrous administration of Mayor Marion Barry.

To his credit, McGowan eschews the easy journalistic targets: Anna Quindlen and Anthony Lewis turn up only once each, Geraldo Rivera and Bryant Gumbel not at all. McGowan is less interested in media personalities than in the corporate culture of news organizations and how it distorts what ought to be a truth-seeking enterprise. The book has a great deal in it about the *New York Times*, for good reason: When Arthur Ochs Sulzberger Jr. became its publisher in 1992, he called diversity "the single most important issue" facing the paper. He also vowed that the *Times* would no longer provide "a predominantly white straight male version of events"; if *Times* people were to continue doing that, he insisted, they would not be doing their duty as journalists. Sulzberger did not say whose versions of events would supplant those of the white straight males; he didn't have to. Stories on diversity issues suggest that feminists and gay and other activists are now the commisars of the copy desks.

McGowan tells us several times in *Coloring the News* that he's an objective journalist; perhaps he wants to escape being called a right-winger. He shouldn't have bothered. After all, as his book demonstrates, even the most biased journalist can convince himself that he's not slanting his reportage; what's important is not the writer's protestations of innocence, but whether the story he tells is true. McGowan has written a very substantial book, one that tells the truth about a very disturbing—and sadly persistent—trend in U.S. journalism. **NR**

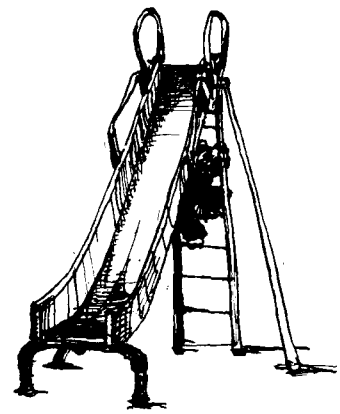
■ SHELF LIFE ■

Hey Hey? Ho Ho!

MICHAEL POTEMRA

In the rhetoric of malcontents of all stripes—Left, Right, and center—"globalization" has become the all-purpose bogeyman, the deepest "root cause" of almost every injustice (real or perceived) in the modern world. It stands to reason that at a time of unusually rapid change, the easy explanation—the convenient demonization—will find ready acceptance; it's no coincidence that Islamist extremism, for example, burgeons even as the information economy creates miracles.

But eventually, thoughtful people will want to look behind the protest chants—and let me concede that now, as usual, the protesters have the best songs—and investigate the truth of the matter. Two new books are very helpful in this regard. In *The Race to the Top: The Real Story of Globalization* (Cato, 164 pp., $9.95), Swedish journalist Tomas Larsson investigates the real-life effect globalization has had in various countries, and concludes that many of the supposed ill effects of globalization are actually the result of the exact opposite: self-interested local institutions blocking their peoples' access to the global market. He writes that the Asian economic crisis of the 1990s—to take a spectacular example—was produced by "homegrown shortcomings . . . South Koreans and Thais were up to their eyebrows in corruption, domestic corruption. Rotten banking systems. Rotten education systems."



This is why some of the Asians Larsson interviewed view globalization as part of the solution, not part of the problem: "Globalization is a strong force on their side, a force that can help topple the walls that have sheltered corruption." And their insight is supported by a speech Larsson quotes from this year's winner of the Nobel Peace Prize: "The main losers in today's very unequal world are not those who are too exposed to globalization, but those who have been left out. . . . Governments [of rich countries] all favor free trade in principle, but too often they lack the political strength to confront those within their own countries who have come to rely on protectionist arrangements."

That's Kofi Annan—quoted by a Swedish journalist, no less. The word is clearly getting out that the world's dictators of local economic reality—greedy politicians, powerful business interests, and protectionist unions—have much to fear from the spread of globalization: They could lose their leverage over the economic lives of local workers and consumers. Thomas L. Friedman of the *New York Times* believes that globalization is as inevitable as the next sunrise, but Larsson warns that perhaps it won't be "quite so automatic as that. . . . To politicians, and certain of their constituents, walls confer a certain sense of control. That sense of control was always somewhat illusory, of course," but it exerts a lasting appeal—one that enables people to tolerate injustice in the name of preserving "stability."

It's natural, then, that globalization has powerful enemies; and in his important new book *Against the Dead Hand: The Uncertain Struggle for Global Capitalism* (Wiley, 368 pp., $29.95), Cato trade-policy expert Brink Lindsey demonstrates just how powerful they are. The book is much longer than Larsson's, and tells a sadder story; the "dead hand" of the title is the remnant of statist economic thinking that has survived the fall of the Soviet bloc, and continued the rule of poverty in many nations.

Lindsey finds an excellent analogue for today's anti-globalization movement in the rise of collectivism late in

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the 19th century, when conservative forces—led by Bismarck—turned their backs on free-market orthodoxy and set about creating what was to become, in the 20th century, the full-fledged welfare state. The fecundity of the analogy lies in the fact that, as Lindsey writes, "collectivism was a reactionary force, not a progressive one—an Industrial Counterrevolution, not the fulfillment of industrialism's promise. Consequently, it is not especially surprising that the forces of reaction were especially potent in the world's economic backwaters."

It is, of course, those backwaters that most need the liberating breeze of globalization—the whisper in a laborer's ear that somebody thousands of miles away is willing to pay him more for a day's work than the local hacienda plutocrat and his political cronies will. Lindsey doesn't soft-pedal the traumas of dislocation and rapid change, but he asks us to focus on a much more important truth: "The far greater tragedy is the humdrum, everyday deprivation suffered by the billions of human beings who are born, live, and die in conditions of economic underdevelopment. We know now how to lift that curse: All the best in economic theory and analysis, and all the accumulated disillusionment of a century of collectivist experimentation, tell us that market competition is the surest path to affluence."

■ Some of mankind's most beautiful achievements have arisen in the attempt to create suitable places for worship. The organization of a sacred space—aesthetically pleasing in human terms but at the same time visibly set apart from ordinary human concerns—has challenged the devotion and ingenuity of artists and architects since the dawn of history; a Chartres can stand as shorthand for the acme of human accomplishment.

One tradition of religious architecture to which insufficient attention has been paid (especially among non-Jews) is that of the synagogue; but thanks to the marvelous new book *Synagogues: Architecture and Jewish Identity* (Vilo, 285 pp., $50), by Dominique Jarrassé, we now have an excellent guide to (and history of) these buildings. The fact that the Diaspora has taken the Jews to all places in the world has had a fertilizing effect on the imagination of their architects. "Exile, fundamental to Jewish identity, is inscribed in synagogue architecture," Jarrassé writes. "It gives it a variety of character . . . for Jewish identity is also built through history, through the confrontation with the societies [that] had shaped the status of Judaism, whether it be that of exclusion or that of assimilation." The book's lavish illustrations show just how effective this cross-pollination has been, as the locus of Jewish worship has found expression in styles ranging from European to Moorish to Chinese.

■

Brink Lindsey warns that globalization still has powerful enemies.

■

Jarrassé's volume will probably sell very well as a bar-mitzvah book and a coffee-table book. What those two genres have in common is that once bought, they are rarely opened; but this work deserves a broader audience, including anybody who loves the ideas of beauty and worship, and especially their intersection.

■ As the war unites Americans with a sense of common purpose, we would do well to look back to the fountainhead of our national spirit. *The Founders' Almanac: A Practical Guide to the Notable Events, Greatest Leaders & Most Eloquent Words of the American Founding* (Heritage, 338 pp., $10.95), edited by Matthew Spalding, is an attractive compendium of the thoughts and ideals that went into the creation of our country. Spalding writes in his introduction that America is unique among nations "in that its ends are defined by its beginnings," and that therefore "the present state of affairs demands the renewal of civic literacy about the principles of the American Founding." From Washington and Jefferson through FDR, Truman, and Reagan, all the way down to today's generation of Americans, our deepest purpose has always been the same: to put might on the side of right. To read the biographies and quotations that Spalding has assembled is to be reminded of these better angels of our nature, and thus strengthened for the tasks ahead.

■ Through the generosity of a friend's teenage son, I was recently exposed to one of the most moving artistic responses to the disasters of September 11. The December issue of Marvel Comics' *The Amazing Spider-Man* tells the story of the bombings, and the heroic human reaction to them by individual Americans; it offers a breathtaking confirmation of the adage that an image is worth a thousand words. In devastating grief, as in many other human contexts, words fail; the pictures in this comic book have a moral and emotional immediacy that fixes on the page the truth of that terrible day.

Anyone familiar with Art Spiegelman's masterpiece, *Maus* (available in a two-volume boxed set from Pantheon, $28), will not be surprised that comic-strip art can be deployed with true beauty and brilliance for the most serious of purposes. But Spiegelman's stunningly effective rendition of the story of the Holocaust was fundamentally a novel for adults, told in graphic form; this *Spider-Man* issue, in contrast, is basically a typical superhero comic book diverted by circumstances into a confrontation with previously unimaginable real-life horrors.

It shows Spider-Man and other superheroes standing in silent reflection at Ground Zero, as they contemplate the work of the human heroes of the police and fire departments. The text is also moving, both patriotic and global in its compassion: "What *do* we tell the children? Do we tell them evil is a foreign face? No. The evil is the thought behind the face, and it can look just like yours. . . . They knocked down two tall towers. In their memory, draft a covenant with your conscience, that we will create a world in which such things need not occur. . . . Look for [our] reply in the thunder."

In years to come, there will be college courses on "The Literature of September 11"; this marvelous work belongs near the top of the syllabus. **NR**

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■ CITY DESK ■

Death

RICHARD BROOKHISER

"AMERICA the Beautiful" says, "Thine alabaster cities gleam / Undimmed by human tears." But that is a hope, not a description. New York has been dimmed by everything from accident to evil; by war, disease, riot, and fire.

The first disaster to strike New York was the worst: its recapture by Britain during the Revolutionary War in the summer and fall of 1776. The military match-up was grossly uneven. The Americans under George Washington had 19,000 troops, most of them militia, and no navy. The British came to the city in several hundred ships—"I thought all London was afloat," wrote one Maryland private—with 32,000 British and Hessian professional soldiers aboard. On August 27, the British beat an American force in what is now Brooklyn, killing 500 and taking 1,000 prisoners, and on November 16, they captured the last American redoubt in Manhattan—Fort Washington, far up on the West Side—taking over 2,500 prisoners.

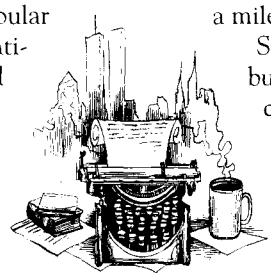
The city suffered from the occupation. One quarter of it burned early on, in a blaze that may have been set by pro-American arsonists; British soldiers were often disorderly, and their officers extortionate. The American prisoners suffered far worse: The British kept them in the stale holds of ships moored in Wallabout Bay in the East River. The prison population was augmented by captured American seamen, and winnowed by deaths from bad food, dysentery, and beatings. One captive described his fellows as "mere walking skeletons . . . overrun with lice from head to foot." Actual skeletons, the remains of bodies thrown overboard every morning at the call, "Prisoners, turn out your dead," turned up along the waterfront for years. The death toll of Americans on the prison ships is supposed to have been 11,500, which strikes me as a high figure, though every reference work cites it (by way of comparison, American deaths in battle, on land and sea, were 6,700).

Malignant cholera was one of the great world plagues of the 19th century. It brought death by dehydration from diarrhea and vomiting. An 1817 outbreak in Bengal spread through Persia, Russia, and Europe until, in 1832, it crossed the Atlantic. In June it was reported in Quebec and Montreal, and moved south down the lakes and the Hudson until, on June 26, an Irish immigrant in New York named Fitzgerald came down with violent stomach cramps. Martin Van Buren, angling to be vice president, prudently canceled a political trip to the city. The socialite Philip Hone recorded the sudden deaths in his diary. "George E. Smith, alderman of the Fourth Ward . . . attended the board on Saturday night until eleven o'clock, was taken ill with cholera at three in the morning, and died in seven hours . . . Last week a man was found in the road at Harlem, who had died of cholera. A coroner's inquest was called, and of twenty persons, jury and witnesses, who were present, nine are now dead." Half of the city's 200,000 souls temporarily moved out. When the epidemic finally ended at the close of summer, 3,513 lives had been lost.

The draft riots of 1863, the subject of a forthcoming movie by Martin Scorsese, were bred out of popular discontent and Democratic anti-war rhetoric. Conscription fell most heavily on the city's poor—swells could hire substitutes for $300—and in a Fourth of July speech, Gov. Horatio Seymour threatened mob action. On July 13, the action began when the Black Joke Engine Company of volunteer firefighters attacked a draft-lottery office at Third Avenue and 47th Street. For the next three days, working-class (and mostly Irish) mobs battled police, stormed the houses of rich Republicans, and murdered black people (the perceived cause of the war).

"The city in insurrection, a gunboat at the foot of Wall Street, the Custom-house and Treasury full of soldiers and live shells, and two howitzers in position to rake Nassau Street from Wall to Fulton," wrote the lawyer and diarist George Templeton Strong. "This is a nice town to call itself the center of civilization!" Herman Melville composed a gloomy meditation, an urban "Dover Beach": "All is hushed near by. / Yet fitfully from far breaks a mixed surf / Of muffled sound, the atheist roar of riot. . . . / The town is taken by its rats." The riot ended when troops fresh from victory at Gettysburg mowed the rats down. The official death toll was 119, though contemporary estimates ranged as high as 1,000.

On June 15, 1904, the *General Slocum*, a three-decker wooden steamship, picked up 1,331 passengers at the East 3rd Street pier for a church picnic on Long Island. A quarter of an hour out, a fire was discovered in a forward cabin. Because of the tides and rocks of Hell Gate, a turbulent stretch of the East River, the captain could not immediately beach his ship. The life-jackets and the fire hoses were rotten; most of the passengers were women and children who could not swim. By the time the *General Slocum* came ashore, 1,021 people had died—a death toll two-thirds of that on the *Titanic*, and lost, not among the icebergs of the North Atlantic, but in the heart of a great city. One of the funeral processions, from St. Mark's German Lutheran church on East 6th Street, comprised 156 hearses and was almost a mile long.



So we have been here before; but so has our resilience. The city Washington lost saw him inaugurated as president 13 years later. At the height of the cholera, Philip Hone noted that Wall Street kept "its usual bustle and animation." Strong wrote in passing that in the midst of the draft riots, the price of gold actually dropped (the gold room never stopped trading). The neighborhood of St. Mark's, called Kleindeutschland, never recovered, as the disheartened Germans moved away; but other New Yorkers replaced them, and the church is now a neat red-brick synagogue on a block of Indian restaurants. If the past is prologue we will still be milling about, when bin Laden and his little turban are forgotten. **NR**

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■ CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS ■

MEMORANDUM

TO: All NR Classified Advertisers
FROM: Tony Savage

Well, dear friends and clients, it's been a terribly traumatic year, to say the least. And, alas, all of our lives—whatever we do, whatever enterprise we're engaged in—will be forever changed by the events of September 11th.

But among the pleasures of my life here at NR has always been, and continues to be, the opportunity to write this little year-end valentine to all of you who have advertised with us during the past 12 months. I do so again, in this final issue of 2001, restating the great joy I've taken from the relationships we have experienced, however tangentially. Our exchanges, whether over the telephone, or by mail, have been uniformly pleasant and rewarding.

This section of the magazine is devoted to one of the purest concepts of the free market, which will endure despite the bin Ladens of this world: a forum to bring together willing sellers and willing buyers. And, as always, I hope the various transactions initiated here were beneficial to all parties involved.

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WILLIAM F. BUCKLEY JR.

The End of Arafat

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 3

THE Palestine chief negotiator Mr. Erakat said ringingly that the night of Monday, December 3, would signal a permanent end to any prospect of peace in the Mideast. He was reacting to General Sharon's declared war on terrorism. Both men were hyperventilating in rhetoric, we have to assume; so would we, if similarly pressed. And the challenge, of course, is to ask: What's up?

Begin with the grit. The three assaults on Israel by Hamas resulted in 25 deaths. General Sharon did the quick arithmetic and told the world that in United States terms this was the equivalent of 2,000 deaths. In other words, the weekend's terrorist incursion was a calamity, in Israel, corresponding to about one-half what we suffered on September 11. The shock can be said to have been greater for America than for Israel: America has not been enduring a terrorist war for five years. General Sharon spoke a political response when calling for a "war" on terrorism. He wished to associate himself, on the Israeli political scene, with the very hard wing. But without going so far as to speak words that would lose him his own moderate wing; because, without it, he cannot govern.

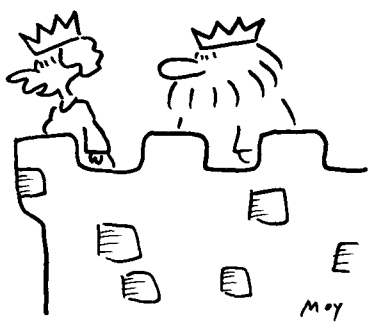
The counterassault on Arafat was, accordingly, something less than Hiroshima-style. The reports are that Israeli gunners stationed themselves within 200 yards, in Ramallah, of the quarters from which Arafat from time to time governs. They were not themselves demolished, but satisfaction was had from destroying Arafat's three helicopters and sending in bulldozers to chew up his airstrip in Gaza City. This is a seriously debilitating blow to Arafat, who is said to spend more time in the air, buzzing about from world leader to world leader, than even the Pope. Ordinary civilians would need to wake up in the morning to find one's car suddenly gone without replacement in sight to feel the pain of that situation. What Chairman Arafat then did, having of course publicly regretted the weekend suicide bombs, was to arrest 100 Palestinians. The immediate comment of a well-placed Israeli military observer was that the people arrested were moons removed from the people who should have been arrested, on the order of the FBI's picking up 100 kleptomaniacs on September 12.

We do not know whether this is so. In fact, we do not even know for sure that Arafat is running the terrorist show. We do know that Arafat speaks the language of terrorism and that if his own rhetoric is less than apocalyptic *(Israel must be destroyed)*, he is brazenly tolerant of rhetoric that is uncompromising, in newspapers and on radio and in public speeches.

What we have, strange to be seen, is something on the order of democratic pressure at work. In Israel, what we see at work is democratic pressure of the kind one totes up at election boards. About 35 percent of Israeli voters are in favor of the kind of compromise Sharon disdains and campaigned in a democratic contest to reject. He won, but his victory gave him power dependent on coalition support.

Meanwhile, Arafat has a left wing, which is anti-moderate. He may even genuinely regret the weekend terrorist acts, but there is no questioning their popularity, though we cannot measure exactly how comprehensive it is. In Israel, one can calibrate divisions of sentiment. One can't do that in Palestine because there is no democratic machinery to give up the figures.

But we reasonably assume that there is a body of Palestinians who would cheerfully settle for less than the irredentist extremism of Hamas. What we do not know, and this is critical knowledge, is whether in a convincing move toward moderation Arafat would prove showdown-stronger than Hamas. If he arrested 100 known terrorists or terrorism purveyors, would Arafat prevail? Or would Hamas get rid of him? Ushering in—who? Committed to what?



"Oh-oh—the Huns have crossed the border, and they're registering to vote."

Zooming back on the situation for a look at the regional picture, we see canny jubilation by the anti-American hardliners. Taliban-type anti-Americans have only to gain from a prospective Israeli retaliation in cinemascopic blood—backed, morally, by America, their true enemy. Egyptians and Saudis and Syrians and Iranians who are successfully encouraged to hate America for standing by Israel and for other profanities will raise the temperature of their hostility with every successful reprisal by General Sharon. We can't do more simply than to regret this: but we can't ignore the possibility of worse governments than we now cohabit with in the Mideast.

So what then happens in Israel? I learned my lessons in strategy at the feet of James Burnham, who once remarked that, in fact, wars do settle some questions. Hitler and Hirohito and Mussolini discovered that. Might Arafat?

Searching for God And Man at Yale

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 7

ALL commemorative utterances these days have in common a low bow—fearful, inquisitive, chastened—to the events of September 11. On the 60th anniversary of Pearl Harbor, the chiaroscuro is especially vivid. It was 60 years ago that our vulnerability was tested, though we properly remind ourselves that Hawaii was not homeland territory back then. It became a part of the union—and sacred national tissue—not until 1959, 18 years after Pearl Harbor. But on September 11 there were no gradations of subordinate territorial or legal status: Manhattan and Washington, D.C., are essences of America.

Well, we have an agenda on that score (find the enemy and destroy him), which is getting along all right. The engrossing question, on this anniversary of Pearl Harbor, has to do with terms of surrender in Kandahar.

But the implications of September 11

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seem to be asking larger questions than how to deal with al-Qaeda, and these were accosted in October at Yale University, celebrating the 300th anniversary of its founding. The festival included a lavish fireworks display above the football stadium and, the next day, on campus outdoors, more of the same by Bill Clinton. But the eye-catching event was the peroration of a talk by a senior historian. Prof. Gaddis Smith spoke of "Yale, America, and the World in 2001." Up until September 11, he had not taken seriously the legendary watch-cry, "For God, for Country, and for Yale." Now curiosity is intense on that legend. Prof. Smith explained that such affiliations as were historically felt for our country require sharper definition. "'Country' meant my country right or wrong—until the Vietnam War."

The conspectus is freighted with ambiguities. A university conveys to its students the worth of the ultimate *sacrifice* for their country. The Congress that put us at war in 1917 had a less noble historical purpose, perhaps, than the Congress that put us at war in 1776: but the willingness to die remained a constant, salted by the empirical contribution of Gen. Patton to the effect that it were better that the enemy died than that we should die. Prof. Smith seemed to be saying that, in Vietnam, it was not right to fight. It remains an uphill fight for the historian to proclaim the 35 Yale dead in Vietnam as uninstructed by their university, in contrast with those who shirked what we thought of as duty.

But the crowning insight lay ahead for Yale's spokesman: Who is this God whose Name, in the watch-cry, comes before even the Country's and Yale's?

"Yale's 18th century God was an intolerant Puritan. In the 19th century He became a smooth general Protestant. And today God means the spiritual center for all those, of whatever faith, who believe in the worth of the individual."

Of whatever faith? Oh yes. "The Yale Chaplain told me recently that even the organization of Yale atheists wanted a mentor to be associated with his office."

We are being told that Yale's atheists feel that the services of the Christian chaplain are potentially useful, presumably on the understanding that such spiritual services as are proffered would stop short of submitting the Christian God for consideration of the atheists. That would be backward, on the order of making a case for Vietnam. "Yale cannot and will not turn inward," Prof. Smith pledged. Instead, the modern university must use its resources "to help us understand the complexity of the trembling world and in the process contemplate more deeply the meanings of God and Country." We certainly have a long way to go if we have to transcend the thought of Yale's scholars and clergy during those 300 years leading up to September 11.

A Way to Go

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 14

ANGELO M. CODEVILLA is one tough hombre, yet his prescriptions are mobilizing, even for the weak-willed: There is muscle of the brain there. Not surprising, inasmuch as Mr. Codevilla is a professor of international relations at Boston University and a senior fellow of the Claremont Institute. It is in the sparkling *Claremont Review of Books* that Mr. Codevilla analyzes the war we are in, tells us why it is not achieving its purpose, and goes on to tell us what, in his gritty opinion, needs to be done. The least bellicose of which is "a declaration of war against the Assad regime by the U.S., Israel, and Turkey." The good news is that such a move would "most likely produce a palace coup in Damascus."

What we are doing now, he tells us in some detail, is wasting our time. Our "War on Terrorism" has three parts: "'Homeland Security,' more intelligence, and bringing al-Qaeda to 'justice.'" About this program, we are informed, "The first is impotent, counterproductive, and silly. The second is impossible. The third is misconceived and is a diversion from reality."

The reason that the homeland-security business is miscast is that the goal of protecting us from the terrorists is simply impossible. There are too many targets. An attempt to protect them a) will not succeed; and b) will set into motion restrictions on The American Way of Life that are themselves an objective of the enemy. It does not do, to countenance the threat of being killed, to commit suicide.

Intelligence of the kind we have working for us in the drug world—the practice of integrating informers in the culture of the drug-importing network—is beyond our reach. The assignment is too broad, our resources manifestly insufficient. We simply cannot produce a thousand Arab-speaking spies who can integrate themselves unnoticed in the warrens of the enemy.

As we are proceeding, we are not targeting the procreative citadels of the enemy. It is not so much Osama bin Laden we are after, as those who permitted him to be strong and influential and, as a terrorist leader, productive. Our enemy? "It's the Regime, Stupid."

The principal sponsors of the terrorists are not religious fanatics. "Palestine's Yasser Arafat, Iraq's Saddam Hussein, and Syria's Assad family have made themselves the icons of Islamism despite the fact that they are well-known atheists who live un-Muslim lives and have persecuted unto death the Muslim movements in their countries."

What to do?

Destroy those regimes. "Killing these regimes would be relatively easy, would be a favor to the peoples living under them, and is the only way to stop terrorism among us."

We should most publicly proceed to the business at hand. "It is important that U.S. forces invade Iraq with the stated objective of hanging Saddam and whomever we judge to have been too close to him. Once those close to him realize this is going to happen, and cannot be stopped, they will kill one another."

Professor Codevilla summarizes the principal weaknesses of the Western elites who do our strategic thinking. The first is the superstition that violence and killing do not settle anything. "In fact, they are the ultima ratio, the decisive argument, on earth. Mankind's great questions are decided by war. The Battle of Salamis decided whether or not there would be Greek civilization."

Secondly, we should know that attempts to appeal to moderation don't work, and in fact, reach back to bite us. "'Extremist' is one of many pejorative synonyms for 'loser.' The surest way to lose the support of 'moderates' is to be ineffective. Might is mistaken for right everywhere—but especially in the Middle East."

Don't try to reach for "root causes of resentment against us." It will get you nowhere. Just identify the regimes that foster or permit terrorism, use our might against them decisively, and turn the targeted countries back to the people who live there. In the course of things, it is entirely possible that they would discover that a root cause of legitimate discontent is the lack of freedom, political and material.

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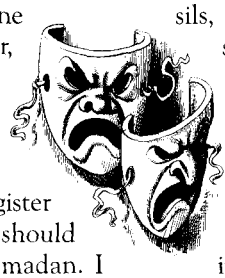
■ THE MISANTHROPE'S CORNER ■

FLORENCE KING

DEAR Gentle Readers:

Welcome to the last issue of the year, when I get to write my favorite kind of column: a chatty letter, instead of a logically (more or less) argued, structured (sort of) disquisition on what are grandly known as the Issues of Our Times.

As usual, the first order of business is choosing a suitable quotation for 2001. I came up with several dyspeptic enough to suit my tastes, including one by my soulmate, Schopenhauer, but this time I decided that the clear winner is something that was *not* said, but would have been if my mother were still with us and could register her opinion on whether we should stop the bombing during Ramadan. I can hear her now. . . .



"That's the best time to get 'em—when they've got their faces in the rug and their asses in the air."

I have big news. Remember my *Passive Suicide Cookbook*? Well, forget it. Around this time last year, I got such an awful pain in my right knee that I had to use a cane. While I was hobbling around, I also found out that my blood pressure was 154/94, so I went on a diet and have so far lost 60 pounds. My blood pressure is now 123/75 and the knee is back to normal. I heard that every excess pound of body weight puts five pounds of pressure on the knees, so no wonder I was practically crippled.

I didn't go on any particular diet, and, needless to say, I didn't join any of those clubs or support groups. I just did commonsense things, plus mild exercises at first, and later, long walks. I even dieted on Christmas last year and Thanksgiving this year—freelance writing is the best training in self-discipline there is, and I have a Southern advantage when it comes to Thanksgiving. When I was little, my grandmother's aunt was still living at 94, and had vivid memories of what she called "the Woah." She considered Thanksgiving a Yankee holiday and made a point of observing it with soft-boiled eggs and bouillon, so I had the same.

I may feel better physically but my mental outlook is the same as ever, so let's get to my list of what irritated me the most during the past year. Since I'm already on the subject of food, I'll start with noisy TV cooks.

Emeril, who has a band, is the most nerve-wracking. All of them talk too much, kid around, do tricks with utensils, mug for the camera, keep up a steady stream of unfunny patter, and in general show off for the audience, who invariably respond like schoolchildren with a teacher who can't or won't maintain discipline. The din and distractions make it impossible to follow the recipes or study the techniques. Having an audience is part of the problem; it's like trying to cook and converse with your dinner guests at the same time. The kitchen is one place where show biz doesn't work; the sole shining exception being Julia Child—a comic genius without trying.

Not all TV cooks are obstreperous. Martha Stewart is a model of discipline, but that's just the trouble. She reminds me of Fraulein von Frumpel, the villainess in a WWII-era Saturday serial designed to keep us phartlings pumped up for the war effort. Stewart says all the right homemaker things, but I can't help feeling that somewhere in there is an "Achtung!" waiting to come out.

If noisy cooks don't kill me, quiet appliances will. I need white noise; I can't function without it. I have window fans, ceiling fans, and an air purifier going constantly. White noise makes it possible for me to write, to convince myself that there's no world beyond this room. White noise is the sound of silence, the buzz of solitude, so of course America is resolved to stamp it out.

Every machine is now advertised as "quiet" and "soundless." The only way to get a grinding whir is to buy a defective product, but you can't very well demand one without attracting attention to yourself. My latest fruitless search is for a clock that ticks. One ad I saw said, "It doesn't tick! It listens!" Oh, God, I thought, a selfless, compassionate clock. Turns out, what it listens to are signals from the Atomic Clock in Fort Collins, Colorado, which assures its accuracy. Another tickless wonder gives daily moon phases until 2019. I'll probably be a moon phase myself by then. In the meantime, I want loud, tinny TICKING! Is that too much to ask?

I just had an eye exam and don't need new reading glasses, which is lucky because the kind of frames I like—heavy, owlish hornrims that can be put on and removed with a careless sweep of one hand—are completely out of style and unavailable. The latest styles have wire rims and tiny lenses not much bigger than the eye itself. They flatter no one, yet everybody is obediently wearing them. Why do people want to look like Victorian schoolmarms? Sometimes I hate conformists so much that I'd like to sic al-Qaeda on them.

As always, language irritants have abounded this past year. Leading the list is "It's not a matter of *if*, but *when*" in reference to the next terror attack. I don't contest the truth of it; what irks me is the preening that accompanies it—liberals suddenly advertising themselves as realists after spending their entire pre-Sept. 11 lives as total idiots.

Speech habits of the rich and famous have gotten on my nerves so much that I can barely watch the news. Why doesn't John McCain go to the dentist and get that whistling tooth fixed? He sounds like Jack Lemmon in *The Out-of-Towners* when he broke his front teeth on stale Crackerjacks. Worse, Bush's sibilant esses are turning into one long hiss—or as he would say, "hisssss." Somebody must have told him to sharpen his diction to banish the image of the lazy scion and come off as crisp and decisive, but overcompensating always has the opposite effect. Now he sounds as if he doesn't know his asp from third base.

My defining moment of 2001? During the PBS biog of Napoleon, when they gave the dimensions of St. Helena, I thought hungrily, "That's just right for one person." **NR**

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Does the Loss of 1.1 Million U.S. Manufacturing Jobs Matter?

During the past year, America lost more than 1.1 million manufacturing jobs.

Every core sector of manufacturing was touched — industrial machinery, autos, electronics, steel, and textiles, among others — and these losses were experienced in all parts of America.

Today, manufacturing employment in the United States stands at the same level it did in 1964.

Some of these job losses were caused by the current recession. Improved technology also displaced some of these workers.

Yet, many workers lost their jobs because domestic factories have shifted their operations to low-wage, nonregulation countries. In other industries, foreign producers have seized market share from U.S. producers.

Does the loss of these jobs matter?

We think it does.

Job Losses:
October
2000–2001

Industry Change	(1,000)
Manufacturing Total	-1,103
Industrial machinery	-183
Electronics	-212
Transportation equip	-105
Textile products	-63
Apparel products	-75
Printing/publishing	-81

Source: U.S. Dept. of Labor

As the great 19th century lawyer, Robert Ingersoll said of Abraham Lincoln, he believed "to invent, to manufacture requires thought, talent, and genius. It develops the brain and gives wings to the imagination. A nation that sells raw material will grow ignorant and poor, while the people who manufacture will grow intelligent and rich."

Manufacturing assures our national defense. It makes possible our global leadership. It undergirds the living standards of more than seventeen million workers.

Over the forthcoming months, we will explore why manufacturing in America matters by asking some tough questions.

We think the loss of 1.1 million good paying manufacturing jobs matters.

What do you think?

For more information, visit www.craftedwithpride.org

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